From Four Who Are Dead

H. F. N. Scott *H. D. Lowry*
George Dawson *W. T. Stead*

Messages to
C. A. Dawson Scott

With an Introduction
by
May Sinclair

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Introduction

I HAVE no opinion to offer as to the source of the following script, which purports to come from beyond the grave by way of communication from Mrs. Dawson Scott's husband, Dr. Horatio Francis Ninian Scott, who died July 10th, 1922, from Mr. W. T. Stead, from her great-uncle, Mr. George Dawson, and her cousin, Mr. H. D. Lowry, both of whom died many years ago. It did not come to her by automatic writing, as if a force outside herself seized on her hand and compelled it to write; rather it came by flashes, bit by bit, seen as if written up in front of her, without any conscious process of her thought or will.

The script is in many ways remarkable. It is the only reasonable account of the life beyond death that I have yet seen.

It will be said at once that we have here nothing but uprushes from Mrs. Dawson Scott's subconsciousness. It may be so.

But we know very little about the subconscious, and what we do know does not point inevitably to that conclusion. We know that by far the greater part of what was once our conscious experience has been forgotten, submerged, sunk below the threshold of consciousness, and that in suitable conditions it may be recovered. We enter into this submerged region when we dream. It may be brought back to us by suggestion, waking or hypnotic, or in states of extreme passivity. We know that the content of the subconscious is our forgotten knowledge, knowledge that we once possessed. We do not know whether there is in it anything which never was at any time in consciousness.

Now the material of this script is not part of Mrs. Dawson Scott's present knowledge. And it is so foreign to her ways of imagining (strong as her imagination is), so beyond anything which her unspeculative spirit is likely to have thought out for itself, that it is by no means certain that it was ever part of her past knowledge, forgotten.

We may, then, assume either (1) that Mrs. Dawson Scott really knew what it is not likely she should have known, or (2)

that her subconsciousness tapped the mind of some other living person, or (3) that the subconscious produces this sort of thing spontaneously without a hint from consciousness, or (4) that we should accept the script as it is given, as coming supernormally from a world beyond death and as telling of that world: a world the planes of which intersect, mysteriously and invisibly, our own, a world where knowledge is being and to think is to create, a world that, infinitely more than our world, is "a world of thought."

It is not easy to understand the conditions of such a place, or, I should say, of such a *state*, for that world is pre-eminently a state of mind. We are told that there seeing is not seeing but perceiving, and this I take to mean a form of sight not less but more intense, more brilliantly and exquisitely revealing than our earthly sense.

If there is anything in it at all ——

Between the first and last of these four assumptions I suspend my judgment.

MAY SINCLAIR.

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From Four Who Are Dead

Chapter One

I

A SIGNIFICANT event does not stand out from the unimportant trifles of the moment until time has passed and we are able to look back. The landscape through which we passed is very different when viewed from what was then the future. 'The milestones on the Dover Road' become whitely apparent and we can say, "I came that way." We cannot, however, say much more. We see a few of the milestones, but behind them are others, perhaps dimly seen, perhaps lost in the distance. In relating how the Four who are Dead came to speak to me I must try to show what led to my being able to receive their messages. Not that I can indicate more than an occasional landmark. We can see only a short distance. Before long we are back at the subconscious, and

before that lies the preconscious. Of one thing only can we be sure—an event is the result of other events, of events which, in an unbroken chain, go back into the mists, grow fainter and fainter until they can no longer be distinguished.

One of the Four said: "Evidence of survival is not what creates belief. Mankind *knows* that its life on earth is not all."

Which was encouraging to one who had only her experience to offer.

II

My attitude towards psychic matters—and 'psychic' I take to include the various creeds—has been agnostic. My knowledge is so small that I can have no reasonable opinion. Other people appear to require a working hypothesis, but I have not felt the need of ghostly comfort. Joy and sorrow are the common lot, and I have taken life as it came. My attention being concentrated on every-day existence, I felt little or no interest in the future. I did not know whether death obliterated the individual. I did not care.

This frame of mind persisted until I reached the late thirties. I was fully occupied. I was living in the Now. Although certain small, unusual faculties had begun to develop, I took but little heed of them. One day, however, I discovered that I could amuse myself in a new and fascinating way. Resting after the midday meal, I found that soon after I closed my eyes I saw in front of me a dark tunnel. Curiosity took me through it. I stepped out of the tunnel into unknown country, into a new world. I found I could move about in this new world, walk through the woods and along the seashore, go past cream-coloured houses which were standing in hot sunshine. On one occasion a train passed brownly between me and the houses. It stopped, people got out. Looking down, I saw rails and, on the other side of me, little clear waves. I have never seen this place; I do not know where it is; but if by any chance I were taken there I should recognise it.

Some time after I had made the discovery that by passing through the tunnel I could travel in unknown lands a woman I had known for many years lost her husband.

Neither he nor she had believed in survival, and Mrs. Craven's grief was therefore aggravated by the conviction that she had lost him for ever. She came to stay in my quiet country home and, observing her hopeless grief, I at length came to understand how important it was that we should know whether survival was or was not a fact.

Could love such as she felt for her husband pass, with the fading of the flesh, into nothingness ?

I am not a thinker, I did not realise whither my sympathy was taking me, I said to myself with the simplicity of an immature creature : " I wonder whether I could see him."

That appears to convey belief on my part, but it was not so. It is possible that something that lay below my conscious mind believed, but I—myself—I did not believe. Nevertheless, I acted as if I had taken it for granted that Mr. Craven was there to be seen by me.

My drawing-room was a long, blue room with two bay windows. Opposite to these, folding doors led into the dining-room. At right angles to the windows and standing between them was a chesterfield, and it was

Mrs. Craven's habit to sit in a corner of this and, with her hands in her lap, stare into the fire.

One afternoon, having left her in her usual seat, I went upstairs. Lying down, I emptied my mind of wandering thoughts and soon slipped into the darkness of the tunnel. I had noticed before that, about half-way through, a light broke in from outside. This light, if I wanted to get to the end of the tunnel, it was wise to ignore. That day the light was particularly noticeable, but I pressed on, got safely past it, and presently reached the end of the tunnel. What was my surprise, when I stepped out, to find myself standing by the folding doors of the drawing-room.

I felt surprise but not incredulity. I was actually there and, sitting on the couch, was Mrs. Craven. I was there with her, and yet I knew that to her I was invisible.

For a short time I stood looking at her. Her large brown eyes were fixed on the fire, her still face was set in lines of hopeless grief, she was in no way changed. At length I looked away, looked down the long room—and there everything was different.

The walls had disappeared in mist, or perhaps I should say in greyness, for the atmosphere had not the consistency of mist; in fact, it was clear and full of light, a quiet, colourless light. In the midst of this unending greyness, not supported in any way, but afloat on nothing and stationary, was a sort of couch. It was thick and white, indeed more like a cloud than a bed, and on it slept Mr. Craven. I gazed with intense curiosity. Yes, this was the man I had known. He lay in a profound sleep, but I could not see that he breathed—he might have been dead.

Suddenly I noticed a detail I had overlooked. A twisted rope of the white material connected that aerial couch with—I turned to look along it—with his wife!

Mrs. Craven was as entirely unaware of his presence as she had been of mine. She sat sunk in her hopeless dejection, as heart-grieving a creature as I 've ever seen.

Against the intense white of the couch Mr. Craven looked as brown as a mulatto. He was altogether brown, and I could not determine whether he were closely covered with a garment or whether the brown was the colour of his skin.

I stood gazing for some time, then, as nothing whatever happened, I came away.

The following day I again passed down the tunnel to find myself at the door of my drawing-room. The scene on which I came was practically the same. Mrs. Craven stared into the fire, Mr. Craven lay on that far-off couch moored, as it were, by the twisted cloud-rope. Presently, however, I perceived that he was not so fast asleep as he had been. He made a slight movement, threw up one of his arms. "He is not dead," I told myself, with the feeling that I had known that all along. With freshly-aroused interest I watched him, but he did not awaken. He moved his head a little as if sinking more deeply into repose, and that was all. With a feeling that the time was not ripe, I came away.

Naturally I thought a good deal about what I had seen, but was inclined to suppose it the figment of an active imagination, a sort of waking dream. My conscious mind had no belief in the reality of what I had seen. Nevertheless, on the following day I again went down the tunnel. Stepping out, I found that a tremendous change had taken place.

Mrs. Craven still sat gazing into the fire, but behind her now hung a very thick curtain—at least six inches thick—of misty white opacity, that same vaporous whiteness on which Mr. Craven had been lying. I was standing at the end of this curtain, and consequently could see along both sides. On the one sat the unhappy wife, on the other *stood* her husband. He was not only wide awake, he was trying to reach her. He stood immediately behind his wife, and was busy trying with both hands to push his way through the misty whiteness. He tried and tried again, but without success. His hands sank in but did not penetrate. He was evidently aware that she was sitting there, for I could see his expression of anxious, pitiful love. It was as if he were saying: "If only she could know that I am here."

Again I left them—to return the following day. I had been wondering, "Will he get to her? Will he get through the mist?" and when I found myself in the room, once so familiar, I was thinking, "Now I shall know."

I had imagined I was invisible to both, but as I looked to see if any further change had taken place I realised that he, at least,

was aware of me. Although he was standing as near to his wife as he could get, he had turned sideways and was looking towards me.

"Tell her!" he said.

I was greatly taken aback. I had looked on at this as at many another scene of daily life, looked on from the outside. Finding myself part of the story, I at once felt myself an intruder, almost a spy.

"I can't," I said, ready to fade back into the tunnel. His urgency stayed me for a moment.

"Tell her," he commanded.

"She would not believe me. I have no proof."

He did not argue the matter. I don't know that he even heard my objection. He merely repeated: "Tell her."

"She wouldn't believe me, she would only be angry," I pleaded. Mrs. Craven's anger was like fire, it seared. I have never known any anger so potent. It was not only like fire, it was like ice. It was a cold burning. I felt certain that she would never forgive my having interfered in a matter so sacred and also so intimate. More than that, I felt I could not suffer the lash of that anger.

I fled back to my bedroom and lay and thought of what had happened. I blamed myself for having intruded on that personal sorrow. I was sick at heart, sick and uncertain.

Several times that unhappy day I heard his voice. He always uttered the same two words: "Tell her!"

Try as I might I could not bring myself to do it. Many a time I led up to the subject, but, receiving no encouragement, found when the crucial words came to be uttered that my lips were sealed. She had a tremendous personality, and I was a coward. It took me six months to get the story told, the message given, and when I did she told me that she had already had it, someone else had received and given it.

In spite of the vividness of this experience I was not convinced of its actuality. I thought about it a good deal, but came to the conclusion that the rope of white vapour that had bound Mr. Craven to his wife was probably her longing for him made visible. It was not until later that I learned from Mr. J. Arthur Hill that that thick whiteness is a commonplace of psychic experience.

Meanwhile I had decided that Mr. Craven's sleep and slow awakening were due to hopes that, perhaps unrecognised, were growing in his wife's mind. In other words, my conscious mind explained away the occurrence.

It overlooked the question as to how it should have been possible for me to have seen into Mrs. Craven's mind and read its hopes and fears and nascent ideas.

One result of the experience was that I left off travelling by means of the tunnel. What had happened had been troubling; it had put me in an awkward position; it had left me puzzled and unhappy.

The mind appears to have a number of pigeon-holes. Into one of these I thrust my curious experience and then turned away. The everyday matters of a busy life were more interesting than an event to which I had no key. Nevertheless, I gradually became aware that even as I had once travelled along a certain dark tunnel so also could I do other curious things which the people about me thought surprising and could not emulate. When I drew attention to these they were generally laughed at, certainly no one took them seriously. If I knew anything

before it happened my husband said it was a coincidence. If when we were playing cards I told him before we took up our hands where the ace of spades lay he said it was guess work. Many members of my family had, however, seen phantasms, and auras, had had prophetic dreams and so on. Mr. Dawson Rogers, founder of *Light* and part founder of the Spiritualist Alliance and the Psychical Research Society, was my grandfather's cousin—in other words, my first cousin three times removed. What more natural than that I also should have developed faculties which, although normal to us, appeared to other people to be super-normal.

One day my younger son was at a party, and as he was late I anxiously willed him to return. He soon after ran in with, "I heard you calling. What is the matter?" Another time he had gone to the vicarage with some scouts and was again late. I again willed him to return, but he did not come. At length, very late, he came. "I heard you calling so clearly that I ran to the fence to see if you were not there."

"If you heard me, why did you not come home?"

"I said to myself, 'That is mother willing me, and I will not go.'"

Little things of that sort frequently happened, but I *would* not regard them as of any importance.

III

A year or two ago I made, by what is termed chance, the acquaintance of the Misses Elizabeth and Winfrith Shafto. I wrote novels and they made a living by typewriting. To increase their business they occasionally sent to authors a note of their prices and qualifications. One of these reached me, and I replied to it. Later on I met them. From the first I was struck by their other-worldliness. They were the daughters of a Wesleyan minister, and had probably inherited their father's attitude towards life; at any rate, it is actually a fact that when they made a bargain they preferred that the other person should have the best of it. They would rather suffer disappointment than inflict it. Moreover, although they had to earn their livelihood, they allowed all sorts of sorrowful and suffering folk to

break into their valuable time — in fact, they were transparently good, honest and benevolent people.

Shortly before I met them my husband had died. He went through the war, was badly shell-shocked, found himself unable to make good in post-war conditions and—committed suicide. Like others of his family he suffered from melancholia, and his life had, consequently, been far from happy. His death aroused in me the old desperate wonder as to whether this futile and unsatisfactory existence could indeed be all.

This time I could not shelve and forget my troubled questioning. I was not allowed to. One of our children—the one I could summon from a party by willing him to come—was sitting with me on the old chesterfield when I observed that he was looking intently at something on the opposite side of the room. I looked, too, but could only perceive the kakemona-hung wall.

"Daddy is here," he said, his eyes filling with tears . . . and, later, while still moved by the occurrence, he admitted that he was able to see all the people in a room and not only those visible to the physical eye.

He said he often saw and talked with his father.

"What do you talk about?"

"Well, he is interested in what I am doing. He often gives me advice on matters of business."

"Do you follow his advice?"

"Why, mother, you know daddy was not a good business man! Of course I don't."

Thus simply could he deal with messages from the world beyond the grave; but then to him that world had always been a fact, of which he had cognisance.

Yet I was not convinced. I believed him. He had said so, therefore it was so, and yet ——

The Misses Shafto had lost three near relatives within a few weeks of each other; and I presently learned that they believed themselves to be in communication with them. For some time I considered the matter. Should I or should I not? Here were two transparently honest people. They might be mistaken, they might be self-deceived, but they would not seek to deceive me. At length I asked if they would allow me to sit with them.

They were, as they always are, very kind ; but they warned me not to expect results at first.

I had had no experience of the methods by which people sought to enter into communication with those whom they—terrible word to any heart—had *lost*.

I took an incredulous mind to that first sitting. Such things as I expected could not be, or if they could it meant that all our accepted ideas must be scrapped. It was unthinkable that the dead should be able to communicate with the living.

We three sat round a little table, our hands lightly imposed on the brown wood, lightly but firmly. The Shaftos uttered a prayer in which I did not join. We then chatted about their experiences, to them an everyday matter. It being evening, the gas was lit, and I could see that the table on which our hands rested was not otherwise in contact with any of us. Suddenly it gave a sharp tilt.

Never before had I seen a table move. We spend our lives among chairs and tables, pieces of wood that are motionless, on which we can rely to remain so whatever we may do,

yet here was a table that, apparently of its own volition—*moved*.

The tilting increased in rapidity, and the table had presently spelt out the name of my fellow-sitters' brother "Stan." It then gave a message from him, something sensible and coherent which had to do with his sisters' daily lives. I was emboldened after a time to ask whether the speaker knew my husband. He did not, but thought he might be able to find and bring him the following night.

How could anyone apply the word supernatural to such a simple occurrence! Here were two girls talking over a new kind of 'phone to a brother at a distance.

The occurrence was not in the least awe-inspiring. Science has enabled us to communicate with the absent; here was a way of communicating with those who had taken the journey from which there is no return. The more I learn of these matters the more I feel that survival is a matter for scientific research. As one of the Four said: "Communication is difficult because the ablest minds on your side do not experiment. This matter should be investigated by scientists." Light bridges have been thrown

over the chasm of death, but it remains for the scientific mind to build them strongly and in accordance with the laws of the universe.

For a long time my conscious mind refused to believe in survival, yet when my husband tilted out his delight at getting into touch with me, my deeper consciousness felt no doubt that it was indeed he who was speaking. How could I doubt ? He was a man of very deep feeling, and this feeling came to me through the table. I listened to his loving words, and I accepted them with simple belief and joy. *He* was speaking, he was telling me he had feared he would never be able to get to me, but that now he had we should never again lose touch, that where I went he would go, that when I called to him he would answer. His quality, even his characteristics were made apparent by his words. I recognised him as we recognise a person on the 'phone, recognised him by that intangible thing, his individuality.

The doubts came later. I went to America, and while on board ship had time to realise that these things were incredible, that one of my friends had proved they could not be.

Yet I had recognised my husband. I had known for certain that he was speaking to me.

The ebb and flow of a wavering mind, unwillingly forced to accept the incredible, is, however, of little interest. I do not understand how communication is possible—scientists must experiment until they can enlighten our ignorance—I can only give the messages which came to me after I had obeyed the oft-repeated request to 'write.'

Whenever I sat either with the Shaftos or other people I was told to write. On one occasion when sitting with Mr. Arundel the name of Dajunnah was given, and he said he was an Indian. His message was the same as I had received so often, only he spelt it R—I—T.

I did not find it easy. For some time I produced only mental and physical pot-hooks. The bits of sentences, broken phrases, dubious messages discouraged me. Sometimes in despair I gave up for a time, but I was always urged to try again.

In July, 1925, after over a year's intermittent work, the messages gradually became more coherent. Eventually I obtained the four scripts which are here given.

I obtained them in this way. Choosing

an hour when I would be free from interruption, I began by sending out strong thoughts to my husband or one of the others. I would then empty my mind, fix it on the person of whom I was thinking, draw one or two long breaths and wait. Before my closed eyes words would presently begin to form. These I scribbled down, then closed my eyes again and waited for more.

The "Writing" came nearly every day, and as the mass grew I began to think it might comfort others who were uncertain as to the existence of another life if they could read what was being poured into my mind.

It will be said the messages are the product of my unconscious or subconscious mind. The argument against that is my novels. These books are the work of my subconscious, and it is work without this particular sort of vision. I am not a spiritually-minded person but a practical idealist—and the proof of that assertion is the P.E.N. Club.*

*An international association of writers, founded in London in 1921 by Mrs. Dawson Scott. Of the English Centre Mr. Thomas Hardy is the Honorary Member and Mr. John Galsworthy the Chairman, while Mr. Bernard Shaw represents England on its International Council. It has Centres in twenty-nine other countries.—*Publishers' Note.*

The friend who considers he has proved that such things cannot be has a harder task before him. He has to prove that they are not.

I have lately been experimenting—sitting—with Miss May Sinclair, and she has very kindly given me an Introduction to this little book. I feel that her Introduction will help to bring it before many who would not otherwise trouble to read it, and I am, therefore, most grateful to her for having written it. I hope that before long she will be in a position to give the world her own experiences.

Chapter Two

I

THE first script I received was from my husband. He was extraordinarily patient with me, always ready to help, never upset by my frequent failures to establish communication, my consequent irritation and despair. For what seemed a long time, but was in reality only about a year, the script I received was fragmentary. It consisted of a few sentences expressing affection and interest—the ordinary talk of a husband and wife communicating by means of an inadequate telephone. "Tell me how you are? What are the children doing? How are you managing?" His unexpected death had thrown us on our own resources, and we had had to 'make head' against a sea of financial troubles. This naturally distressed him, and he made several efforts to come to the rescue, but unavailingly.

"You may impress your thought on a mind, but it may not be natural for that mind to

act in the way you wish," he said on one occasion when he had failed to persuade a man to do as he wanted.

And on the whole, although grateful for his sympathy and evident wish to be of use to us, we did not expect anything tangible to result. On one occasion he suggested I should buy a piece of ground in Cornwall, because it contained tin. Being a spirit he said he could see the tin, but I did not buy the land. He might be anxious to help, but he had never been a good man of business!

In giving his messages I have omitted personal and family matters. The world does not need to be told that a man, though absent from his wife and children, thinks lovingly of them. It does not want to hear his tender inquiries, his intimate remarks. Are they not part of the heart history of all couples who, in spite of quarrels and misunderstandings, are fundamentally fond, and to whom the long years of companionship have brought an affection deeper and less physical than the effervescent love of youth?

II

When I first received these messages I supposed myself to be writing down the very words of the communicators. I was using phrases interpretative of their mentality, and the thoughts received appeared in a dress of words. Naturally I presumed the words were the message.

I was not left long in ignorance of the truth: "Thought does not require words." "We do not use words among ourselves." "You are not able to get my exact words. I impress thoughts on your mind." "You translate my thought into words."

That I should note down the actual words had seemed to me of importance. How otherwise could I be sure I was giving the message as it was delivered to me? My trouble was evidently clear to them, for one presently said: "Nothing that is of value can be lost—it is not the letter of the word that is of importance, it is the spirit."

III

The answers to my questions sometimes appear to be contradictory. For instance, S. says, speaking of people who on earth were strong for evil, "They see clearly what they have done. Their past life is like a map before them," and the following message says, "It is no good asking for definite facts which we have forgotten." Later on W.T.S. gives a possible explanation of these statements: "As we pursue a line of knowledge what has been is as real to us as what is. Each stage is present—preserved in time . . . and 'preserved in time' does not mean fossilised. When we look back what was happening at any given period happens." From that it is apparent that anyone can have unrolled before them as history the life they have lived.

In Dr. Geley's message[1] — which is at

[1] See page 164. Gustave Geley was a French doctor who gave up a lucrative practice in order to work at psychic research with Jean Myers in Paris. He was killed in an aeroplane accident when returning from Warsaw, where he had been in order to investigate some phenomena. In other words, he gave up first his worldly possessions and then his life for the cause he had at heart.

present being given through Miss Elizabeth Shafto, who will no doubt publish it later on—he says that people leave behind their physical memory. No doubt he will enlarge this difficult saying and tell us what is forgotten; but for the moment we are left in ignorance as to what he means. Nevertheless, it is obvious that we cannot expect our tiny bits of information to dovetail like a puzzle which has been worked out. Enough if we can find out a little here and a little there. At present we do not realise the magnitude of the world into which we are peeping, nor how tiny is the earth, how few the inhabitants thereof when considered against the myriad stars of innumerable solar systems and the life which inhabits them.

In another of Dr. Geley's messages he says that spirits when communicating with us find it difficult to adjust their thought-rays so that they are not either too forcible or too vague. This is possibly the reason so many messages contain little on which thought can take hold, and yet others appear to be unfinished. S. says: "I give more than reaches you." When we obtain what appears

to be contradictory we can only say: "There may be more that I have not got. The message came too strongly, and I could not receive it." At least we know that if it was of value it will be given again and more clearly, for "nothing of value is ever lost."

In many ways the messages I received differed from those I had read, and this puzzled me. At length W.T.S. spoke to me about it. "The chaos of literature with regard to psychic phenomena is due to several causes. We find it difficult to communicate clearly because your minds alter in transit what we say. There is fraud, both conscious and unconscious, to be taken into account; also your preconceived notions as to our state. Besides these difficulties there is another . . . we are not all alike. People here are in every stage of development. What is true, therefore, of one group or even one person is not true of others."

Further light was thrown on the matter by one of my husband's remarks: "You must remember that what I tell you is the way I see our life here. Other people may see it differently, may come to different

conclusions about it. We are still as fallible as we were. All we know is what we perceive."

Even they, the inhabitants of this greater world, appear to know little. It may be infinitely more than we know, and yet it is not much. They are one stage farther on, but that is all. They tell what they can. Each sees his world with his own sense of perception, and each sees it differently. It is a case of many men many minds.

IV

The mentality of the Four who have spoken to me is noticeably different. One is deeply religious, the others are not. It astonished me to have religious messages poured through my agnostic mind. I think it even astonished the giver of the message that he should have found in a person of my opinions (or lack of them) "a willing instrument." There was a period when he hesitated as to whether he should continue them, but I reassured him. I would set

down whatever he gave as carefully as I could.

Indeed, I think his point of view reasonable and beautiful.

There are so many points of view.

V

Professor Sayce says in his *Reminiscences:* "As long ago as the palæolithic age we find man burying the treasured possessions of the living in the graves of the dead, and thus testifying to his belief in another life." The creeds, according to W.T.S., have taught belief in this other life, "and the mind of mankind is ground prepared for sowing. It is ready for the knowledge that life is not a span of years spent on earth and then judged, but a slow evolution from that tiny span through long periods of development—if you like, call them 'lives.'"

The creeds, the beginnings of understanding, appeared in the developing mind of man, because certain aspects of physical life were to him strange and incomprehensible. Behind

that, however, may have lain unconscious knowledge and a spiritual urge, the urge of what Gustave Geley terms "the God mind."

Chapter Three

The "S" Script

BEFORE giving the more important messages of the S. (Scott) script, I thought it might interest readers to see a few of the earlier communications.

Dear, I came last night. I am here now. I love you. Tell me about M.* Is she happy ?

We are different from you, and do not live in the same sort of way. Can't you realise that I am speaking, that these messages come from your loving husband ? Once you realise that you do not need to know more.

I spoke to you yesterday at Birchington, and heard what you said . . . it matters to me very much that you should be comfortable. You see the door ? I am there. I am going to tell you things, but you must not hurry me.

Will you tell me about T.† Every day I

* His daughter. † His son.

come to see you. I never miss, but you are so busy you do not always know. Tell me about M.

Dear, you are having a great deal of trouble. Take care of your health. Rest when you can. Do less for others. Rest now.

Give me an account of your new book.

We do not grow old, but remain always young and strong. Our bodies are solid, as solid as yours, but different.

Dear, I help you by influencing the minds of others. (*Later he said he had tried to do this, but had not been successful.*) Cheer up, darling, you will be happier before long.

Me. In the next world ?

S. No, I mean here. Don't be impatient. I am impressing you with these hopes, and they will come to pass. Now, my dear, go on with your work.

Take care of yourself. Don't work too hard. Go out more. Go and see people.

These messages were given during July and August, 1925. They soon began to lengthen. In giving those that follow I have, in most cases, left out what was personal to myself and the family.

August 31st.

S. We are making a new world here, a world of assorted types, men and women who can contribute to its efficiency and who are willing to work to produce the sort of results we want. You see, we do not want a repetition of the muddles of our earth life, and we are left to our own devices to produce what we think best.

September 1st.

S. Try to help by keeping your mind clear and focused. Then we can tell you things about ourselves—our way of living, our habits, our arts, our books, our thoughts, our government.

Many prejudices to overcome on your side.

September 3rd.

S. You know the reason why it is difficult to tell you things.

Me. Because I don't clear and focus my mind ?

S. Not entirely.

Me. Why, then ?

S. Because the conditions are so different here that you can't understand.

Me. Never mind, try to tell me.

S. The government here arranges the conditions in which we exist. They make changes as they find it necessary. They are chosen by the rest for their fitness to organise. We call them the Organisers.

September 4th.

S. I am learning all sorts of new things about life—as it was with you there and as it is here. We do not think as you do about religion. We have creeds still, but they are less stereotyped.

September 6th.

Me. My mind is full of questions about your world.

S. Formulate them clearly.

Me. Are all the people who have lived here now in your world ?

S. No, many have gone on.

Me. Where to ?

S. I don't know.

Me. Shall you go on before I come ?

S. No.

Me. Good. Is going on a sort of death ?

S. It is equivalent, but it is not painful.

Me. Have people there the bad qualities they have here ?

S. They are the same people.

Me. Then those people who have been shamelessly cheating the tradesmen in my neighbourhood will be the same in your world ?

S. They will be the same, but they will learn the folly of indulging in their evil ways. People tend to improve, also there are not the same temptations here. We have no possessions and there is no competition, and no hunger—as we do not eat ! And no sex jealousy, as sex with us is not physical. It is an attraction, it is love, but not greedy possession. I love you, but I don't want you only for myself. I want your happiness, and am content whatever you may choose to do.

September 7th.

S. We are not religious in your sense of the word. We do not build churches and meet to have worship. Most believe in a personal God, but not all. I do not. We do not know the truth about it. Still guess work.

The universe is infinite, world upon world. You cannot imagine its vastness and its many aspects. We are not so limited as you, but our knowledge is small in comparison with what there is to know. Your friend B. has followed one track sapiently, but there are others of which he appears unaware. He is working on evolution, mental evolution as far as the earth life is concerned, but there are other lives.

September 8th.

S. People are coming over all the time and everywhere. They step into this world and stand about looking puzzled. Then I—or someone else, for there are lots of us doing this—we go up to them and accost them. You can't think how bewildered they are at first. It is so different from what they expect. That is partly why we want to get

into touch with you—I mean with all of you. If people knew what they were coming to it would be better for them.

September 13th.

S. Go on trying to reach me and you will. The golden thread is the cause of our being able to communicate — your affection and my love. Be patient, and you will gradually develop power to see as well as hear.

Your thoughts reach me and you often think of me. I am glad you do, I like being in touch with you.

September 15th.

You do not focus your mind. It is full of wandering thoughts. Try to keep them out.

This world is not different from yours in everything. Love is still a factor, but it does not act on us in the same way. We do not crave, we are not jealous, it does not make us unhappy. We love, we give, but we do not suffer through love. You see, we are so much happier here. We are satisfied with the work we are doing, the life we are leading. You cannot understand, because to you light supposes shadow. It

needn't, and here it doesn't. We are differently constituted, and our serenity is part of our make-up. Fussing, fidgeting and fretting are unknown here and—no—*it isn't dull.* It 's—beautiful.

September 16*th.*

Work with us is not the same as work with you. It is not physical. It is thought. We decide on what must be done, and the decision is all that is necessary.

Me. What do you do ?

S. We live in thought, serenely, and we make experiments. You also make experiments, but you are hampered by the needs of the body. Beyond those life is experiment, and ours, in that way, is the same.

When you welcome us we are glad to keep in touch with you, but we do not force ourselves on you. We know we have only to wait a little and you will join us. Nevertheless, we think it would be a good thing for you to realise that we are waiting for you.

Me. Your life seems much the same as ours.

S. Infinitely more pleasant.

Me. You do not seem to know much more.

S. We are left to make our world as we think best. No one interferes from the outside. We are free to tackle our problems. We know no more about God than you do. The main thing is that we live in a serener atmosphere, have gone on a stage. There may be many stages, but we do not know. Our knowledge is sufficient for our life here; but like you we wonder and dream. I think we have more faith. You see, we have had one life and come to this.

September 17th.

Me. Can you go on to the next stage when you please?

S. We are not allowed to choose the time of our going on, but we know when it will be. (*This is a statement which appears to be only half a thought. More was, however, not given at that time.*)

Me. Do you know anything about the next stage?

S. Nothing at all except that those going on are happier still.

Me. How do you know that ?

S. It is impressed on us.

Me. By whom ?

S. We don't know.

Me. Stan (*the brother of the Misses Shafto*) says he is able to ask advice and he gets it.

S. Yes, if we choose to ask we get an impression.

Me. Don't you think the Intelligence who gives it might be God ?

S. I don't see that it need be. The impression may come from a part of ourselves which is more highly developed than our consciousness.

Me. Like our subconscious ?

S. It might, of course, be an Intelligence. I am not convinced that it is.

Me. Stan says he went to the Christ stage. What did he mean ?

S. He had a vision, and to him the vision was real. It was transcendental. We stand on the edge of things. We do not know them for certain. We guess and we hope, and with

our hopes and guesses we build. These things may actually be, for the world is infinite, and so also are its stages. We are not the only beings who inhabit it. Why should you imagine the earth and the creatures evolved on its surface constitute all life, all sorts and varieties of life?

September 17th, evening.

Table sitting with E. and W. Shafto.

Me. Are your vibrations quicker or slower than ours?

S. Tremendously quicker.

Me. Can you see me?

S. Yes.

Me. But I thought you couldn't see?

S. We can focus on a person.

Me. Can you perceive colour?

S. Only some—yellow most, then red, the others fainter.

September 18th.

S. I promised to tell you in writing about Stan's translation into what he terms the Christ sphere. We do not know for certain,

but many of us have come to the conclusion that life is progressive. They judge from the fact that they have already had an earth life and are now enjoying this. They think there will be more lives, but they do not know what they will be like and what will be the end. Some think one thing and some another, that is why you get contradictory messages. They tell you what they think and what they have brought themselves to believe.

It is like a clergyman impressing his listeners with his faith. He may be right or he may be wrong, but he believes he knows. So with the people here. They know more than they did, but that is all that you can say.

With regard to Stan and the Christ sphere. He came over believing in Christ as a superhuman being, and he sees no reason to change his opinion. He may be right, but I don't think he is.

Me. He said he had to go barefoot and in a certain robe.

S. That is symbolism. He would think of himself humbly, hence the bare feet. He would be proud to go, hence the special robe.

Me. Tell me about my great-uncle George Dawson, who is also sending me messages.

S. You know more about him than I do.

Me. He must have died a long while ago—eighty years. Why is he still in your sphere?

S. He may not have been ready to go on, or he may not want to. The length of our life here may possibly be conditioned by our wishes.

Me. You told me last night that your vibrations were quicker than ours. Ours form matter. Do yours?

S. We are not material in the sense that you are, but our bodies appear to be solid. We form them by thinking them. We therefore resemble our earthly forms at our best, perhaps we improve on them a bit. I 'm better looking than I was, and yet, if you saw me, you would recognise me.

Me. Do you live in houses?

S. We do not need shelters, but we like to have a place that we can look on as ours, a place to return to and rest in.

Me. I thought you did not have possessions.

S. It is not ours in the sense of being a possession, it is more a place with which we are familiar and which we like.

Me. Where is your world ?

S. Here, there and everywhere. It is a matter of vibration. The people on earth have discovered a great deal about different rates of vibration. Our life, the life of the mind free from the flesh, is simply a vibration they do not know about as yet.

September 19th.

S. We try to communicate with you because we still love you and we want you to know it. We also want you to know that you are going to join us, that we are not dead, and that, as far as we know, there is no death except of the body.

Me. Do you know anything about reincarnation ?

S. We do not know whether souls reincarnate. I don't think it is likely. At any rate, we have no information here with regard to it.

People come here with fixed notions with regard to conduct, but they soon lose them.

They perceive them to be irrational and that they have no bearing on ethics. They look back and wonder at the ideas they had. They perceive them to have been harsh, impracticable and even absurd.

With you morality means sex. We do not procreate, and we have lost our one-time attitude towards the function. We have almost forgotten that it was once of so much importance to us.

Me. Do you have a morality of your own?

S. Of course we do, but everything is easier for us because we have been freed from the obsession of the flesh. We learn, we grow, our natures unfold. The possibilities which were smothered during our earth life are able to develop. When we get here we are often stunted, repressed, damaged. We are bitter, soured, disappointed, unhappy. Light and healing await us. Here are surroundings which assist our growth and development in every possible way. What we were meant to be that we become.

Me. How about suicide?

S. One of the things that do not matter.

If life on earth has become unbearable there is no reason why people should not come on to us. At least, I cannot see there is any. I committed suicide, and when I got here I felt only intense relief. I was delivered from a life I had found too difficult.

Me. And when you reached the other side ?

S. No one knew or cared. I myself was released, a free man, joyous. I cannot describe to you my—let us call it happiness—for though I knew it must be a shock to you, I really was happier than I had ever been before.

September 21st.

Me. People on earth miss love and long for it. Do they obtain it there ?

S. They will certainly meet people here with whom they will have agreeable intercourse and to whom they can form attachments. We do not stop in one place, are not cut off from our fellows, which is the natural result of the circumscribed life so many women lead. There is a flowing movement in this life, which, if we wish it,

brings us into contact with innumerable people. We have in consequence far greater choice—choice of friends, choice of lovers.

Me. What is the status of kings and princes, of the great ones of the earth in your world ?

S. I have not finished yet about our affections here.

We receive as much love as we desire. We give as much as we can. There are people to whom love is unknown. Not many, but some. They are happy without it. You obtain what you have the capacity for and what you need. This is a bigger world than yours. I think, though I cannot estimate time, that people stay here longer than they do on earth. I judge this to be so because I meet people of several generations. Of course, nobody looks old or infirm, so it is difficult to tell how long they have been here. When they are busy and are very much enjoying their work they do not want to go on, and there is no compulsion. To a large extent they please themselves.

The status here of people who have been of importance on earth depends on their

character and intelligence. We do not have rulers, therefore kings and queens are only ordinary people. I assure you they are as happy as if they were still persons of importance. Human beings do not expect to be treated differently from each other. They have an instinct which tells them they are the same as other people. They join the crowds of spirits and work with them—work and play—without arrogance and self-seeking (when I speak of work I mean occupation). It 's a new world for kings and queens, and they take it simply.

You cannot tell what a person arriving in this world has been on earth ; but if they have great qualities these speedily bring them into notice.

People here are slightly luminous ; according to their powers they glow richly or faintly.

On earth those in high places are often there by the accident of birth.

Me. What becomes of babies who are born prematurely ?

S. Ask that to-morrow — you 've had enough now.

September 22nd.

S. I am here.

You want to know what becomes of children who are born prematurely. You really want to know what becomes of embryos. When they arrive here they are little faint globules of life which require care. As far as we know no type of life perishes. These young lives develop happily in this less tumultuous world, and if they are remembered by their earthly parents there is a tie. If they are not they form attachments to people here. Family life continues or is disrupted according to the wishes of individuals.

Me. What becomes of entirely unintelligent people ?

S. Such people are very much the same as they were with you. A low intelligence does not become a high intelligence by losing its body. It is happy in the way a flower is happy.

Beyond our life may be more possibilities of growth, and I should fancy there are. It seems likely.

Me. How about people who have been insane here ?

S. Insanity is a disease of the body, not of the mind. People who have been insane on earth cannot remember it except as a long, black period of time. Their mentality on arrival here is sound.

Me. How about malevolent and criminal instincts ?

S. Diseased conditions result in criminality. The cruel and the malevolent are warped individuals.

Me. But cruelty has always been part of the make-up of the human mind.

S. It will gradually be eliminated. I think it results from physical conditions.

Me. How about mental cruelty ?

S. We have outgrown it, left it behind. We aren't perfect, not a bit, but there is not so much temptation here, not such possibilities. Matter resolves back from one form into another by processes of putrefaction. These are equivalent to irritation, ill-temper, cruelty, malevolence. These processes. . . .

We do not have these processes of corruption, our minds do not become tired, we are in every way healthy, and that state

of being rules out most of the possibility of wrong-doing.

September 24th.

Our time is not divided like yours into days and years. It runs straight on. There is no night and no winter. No seasons.

We occupy ourselves in the way that appeals to us most, there is plenty of choice. When we weary of one occupation we turn to another or we rest, but whatever we do we find pleasure in doing it.

Me. What are your faults?

S. Our faults? You must remember we are the same as we were. Having neither bodies nor possessions we are not troubled with the temptations which arise from them. But we are not altogether amiable, not always loving and sweet-tempered. We have to learn a lot before we can shed the shortcomings our earth life has brought about, the bad feelings it has engendered. We often arrive feeling, dislike and even hatred for people. There was probably little reason for such feelings, and they gradually fade. We take pleasure in helping new-comers. We are

so strong and well that the efforts we make do not tire us. It is a cheerful world this.

September 25th.

Me. Long ago you told me to sift the messages that came. How ?

S. I don't see how you can sift what I tell you. I pour it into your mind. I give you more than reaches you. As you can't understand all I tell you, you do not take it in. As time passes I shall be able to get more across to you. You must always remember that what I tell you is the way I see our lives here. Other people may see them differently, may come to different conclusions about them. We are all as fallible as we were. All we know is what we perceive. It is important to remember that.

Me. Why do you not believe in Christianity ?

S. I have not come to believe in Christianity because I see no more reason to here than I did there.

This life came as a surprise. None of the creeds had postulated it. They were all transcendental, whereas here is a simple fact,

the natural continuance of life. This has nothing to do with any of the forms of religion that man has invented or that has sprung from the minds of the great teachers.

Most of those teachers were reformers of an older creed, one which they thought had lost its pristine virtue ; the others looked at the world and wondered and tried to account for it. These last were the greatest. They were trying to understand what had been and to deduce from it what would be. These thinkers could not get far because science had not come into existence. They were solitary, outstanding minds. The other religious teachers were not thinkers—they were reformers.

None of them are in this world. They have gone on, and we know nothing about them.

The Organisers have decided that we must get into contact with people on earth. We have always done it sporadically, but we are to make a definite effort. Everywhere we are impressing the minds of people, suggesting to them that they should not be content to grieve after those who have gone on, but should try to get into communication with them.

The sort of communication varies according to the individual. Not only a case of many men many minds, but many men many aptitudes.

October 2nd.

Me. Do you communicate by means of speech? Are words used? What about different languages?

S. Our thoughts being visible, we do not need to utter them. We *are* thought—"figments of the mind"—only not figments but quite real. We have made ourselves substantial by thought. We have *thought* our bodies and *thought* them into clothes.

These clothes are not stuff—material—cloth—they are thoughts.

We do not need words among ourselves, only when communicating with you. The difficulty of having many languages has therefore disappeared; for thought is the same in all minds.

Me. But there are certain arts in which words are used.

S. Poetry and prose do not need words. Creative literature is a something beyond

conscious thought—or perhaps they are more concentrated thought. I don't quite know. You see I am not creative, and although I appreciate art, I don't understand how it is produced or what it is.

We have stories and poetry but, the conditions here being different, they are different. I don't feel I can make you understand about them, for I am not very clear myself.

October 3rd.

S. You will find me a different sort of person and yet the same. What you liked in me will be more emphasised, stronger; what you disliked is gone. My melancholia was inherited, and it has vanished in this clear warmth, this new and radiant day. We shall have happy times together when you come over.

You will be delighted with this world. It is the world you know without its tribulations. The people are the same, but much easier to live with. The kindliness of humanity is an actual vibration. It is like light. We move in it as if it were an ocean and we its inhabitants.

Me. Can you see our landscapes ?

S. We do not see your seas and mountains. This bit of stardust, spinning through space, presents a different configuration to us. We perceive it from a different angle to what you do.

We do not actually see, though I use the word when speaking to you; we have a diffused perception, and when we concentrate on anything it becomes apparent to us.

October 4th.

S. I can't see rivers and hills and all the lovely places on earth, for they have grown shadowy. They are still there, and I am dimly aware of them; but I can no longer walk in a wood, admiring the strength of trees, the canopy of leaves, the little flowers on the ground. I remember these things, but do not see them now. I am impressed with thought, not scenery. Try to understand that this is a world of thought, self-created.

Me. What sort of intercourse do you have ?

S. We meet and thought glows and we perceive it. We are aware of people, select some for companions, for close and dear

companions. Some—but not all—we have known on earth. For instance, I have my sister Dora and sometimes Elsie.

Me. How does your government reach decisions?

S. They consider the thoughts put forward and act on those that are the more luminous.

Me. People say this comes from my subconscious and that they want more proof it is from you.

S. We find it difficult to give the kind of proof for which people on earth ask.

Me. Why?

S. We have forgotten a great deal of our earth life. Our vibrations being so much quicker than yours it is not easy to perceive what you are—so slowly—doing. You must remember that although we have more energy than we had we are not omnipotent. People on earth expect the impossible. We are only a stage farther on.

Me. McI. (*a friend of us both*) says it would be proof if you could tell me about his people.

S. I can't do that. There is no link between them and me. As far as I am concerned I find there must be a link if I am to perceive them.

Me. Well—there 's McI. himself.

S. That link isn't strong enough.

October 8th.

(Dr. Scott took prussic acid in the hospital grounds, when on his way to see a patient.)

Me. Will you please give me an account of what happened when you left your body ?

S. I awoke in a new world. I felt surprised to be alive, because I knew I had swallowed the poison. I looked about and noticed a certain change in everything . . . a different atmosphere. Things did not look the same. Houses had an air of unsubstantiality. The tree by which I stood was shadowy. I tried to touch it and my hand passed through. Yet where the tree was I had a sense of movement as if it consisted of tiny atoms violently astir.

Me. Your body must have been lying at your feet.

S. I was vaguely conscious of something there, but did not give it any attention, was not actually aware of it.

I moved away and found that I was not walking. I passed into the hospital and was aware, but only vaguely, of the nurses and patients. I was, however, gradually becoming aware of people moving about among these rather shadowy figures, people whom I could see but who were strangers to me.

I suppose they noticed I was looking rather lost, for presently some came to me and appeared to speak to me. I did not realise for a long time that we were not actually talking. These people gave me a kind and hearty welcome, and I found I wasn't in the hospital, but was moving in their company and learning from them of this new world.

Everything was surprising, and also extremely interesting and pleasant. I enjoyed the radiance of which I had become part. I felt cheered and invigorated, and very much delighted by the freshness, the novelty, the general high level of happiness. The people by whom I was surrounded were eager to be friendly and show me their world.

I soon chose companions from among them. I soon found occupations that were absorbing.

Me. Did you realise how we felt about it ?

S. It was a dark shadow on my content with my new condition.

In this world people do not ask you questions. They accept you as a new-comer, showing their pleasure that you have at last arrived. You feel you have been long and eagerly waited for. The welcome they give you is most encouraging.

October 10*th.*

S. With regard to lights—I can cause them to appear in a dark room, and will do so in your room. I tried last night and you saw something.

Me. What happened when you left the hospital ? How did you find occupation and what was it ?

S. I was carried along and presently realised that I could move in any direction without effort. I saw people doing all sorts of things, and presently became aware that if I should like to join them they would be

glad of my help. That welcoming attitude of everybody was extraordinarily pleasant, especially to one like myself. I felt I had escaped from a sea of troubles and come home.

With their minds people were making the things they wished to have.

I gave myself the old semblance—that first. Then I thought the semblance into clothes, and in the pockets had the things I was accustomed to carry there.

In the beginning, soon after I realised I was still alive, I came to you.

October 11th.

S. It took me some time to make my appearance as I wanted it. I found myself without bits of my anatomy which I had supposed I had formulated, but which had escaped my attention. I was lop-sided and oddly shaped at first, but gradually I rectified my deficiences and mistakes and presently had an appearance with which I, at least, was satisfied.

I saw people at work and I joined them. I was at first amazed at the speed of my movements. I thought myself somewhere

and I was there. I did not have to get there. There was no intervening time during which I travelled from place to place. It was immediate—like the old story of the magic carpet.

Me. What were the people doing ?

S. They were evolving. They had come over damaged by the earth life. They had possibilities which had not been developed there, and they were both helping themselves and being helped.

My growth had been retarded by my melancholia and I was glad to join them. Our intelligence expanded, our possibilities became apparent, we grew. It is delightful to develop, to feel your powers increasing, to find that the gifts you may have dimly known that you possessed are actually there and can be put to some use. It gives you self-confidence. You feel so much more of a man than you did. You feel that you are worth while. It is not only cheering, it is stimulating.

October 12th.

Me. Did we have previous lives to our earth life ?

S. I do not know. There is so much I don't know. I have an affinity with eastern things and so have you, and nothing is without its explanation, its building up. Things are not fortuitous. They have far-off beginnings, but I am not as yet sufficiently well educated to be able to trace their development either from the germ or back to it. Education is easily acquired here, but there is more to learn. We were very limited on the earth plane.

Me. Is everybody as happy as you?

S. I think so. Since I have been in this world I have never sensed any unhappiness.

Me. When people who have been cruel and criminal, such as the Borgias, die what happens to them?

S. In the first place they are never as bad as they are painted. Again, they are new-comers here, and the circumstances in which they find themselves are strange. They endeavour to adapt themselves. What causes crime on earth has, in a large measure disappeared,—we don't eat—or rather we don't in your sense of the word; although if we enjoy eating we can give ourselves the

sensation of it. The Borgias therefore cannot poison us, cannot kill us. They cannot use physical violence. There is nothing to steal.

Me. But a cruel, self-seeking personality cannot be turned by death into one that is mild and good.

S. People who on earth were strong for evil remain strong; but evil no longer exists. They do not expiate their sins, if that is what you are getting at. At least only in one way, *i.e.* they see clearly what they have done. Their past life is like a map before them. They realise the unhappiness they have brought about.

October 17th.

S. I will try to help you convince McI. (*the old friend mentioned before*).

We were at Cowes together. We played tennis somewhere in East Cowes and I won. An incident there. You could see the water through the trees. McI. will recall the incident.

> (He recalled playing tennis one Christmas in East Cowes and that the water was visible between the trees.)

McI. can get proofs for himself by sitting with you. It is no good asking for definite things that we have forgotten. I did not like medical work, and as far as possible have put the memory of it away. I do not think of it; but I was very fond of tennis. I can remember the afternoon at East Cowes distinctly, though not the house where we were.

We do not realise till we get here that we shall have to give proof of our continued existence—I did not believe in it when on earth. We therefore have difficulty in recalling what would be of use. It seems "far away and long ago." I have some clear memories of my childhood, but I have often told you of them and to give them now would be no proof of my identity. What I think McI. does not realise is that I am the person he knew—better educated now, I hope, though still very ignorant—but I 'm not a glorified spirit with strange powers of knowledge, memory, divination.

I acknowledge this difficulty in giving you the sort of proof for which you ask; but would suggest that McI. thinks of me as the man I was and considers the messages from that point of view.

I have watched you taking down the messages, and you do it so rapidly there was no time for much consideration of them by you. They came through your mind, which is an essentially different mind from mine.

October 25th.

Me. If you have not time how do you contrive to keep appointments? How does your government manage to meet?

S. When our government feels the need for a meeting they draw together. The difficulties of distance, engagements and similar little troubles of life on earth do not exist here. The Organisers appear to divine what action is required, where and when. They do not require an army of helpers, civil servants, bureaucrats. Their decisions when formulated are visible to all. We carry them out. The Organisers are wise, they know what is best for development, and we are only anxious to put into effect what they have ably thought. I told you they have decided it would be good for you and for us that we should establish communion with your world. We are trying to do it. We do it fumblingly. We are not as yet very highly developed, and

therefore our opinions are not yet of much value. We impress them on you ; but some of you are wiser and more developed than some of us. Therefore you must go on thinking for yourselves. Do not believe that because we have gone on a stage we know the ultimate truth.

You must have noticed that our opinions differ. Stanley Shafto, for instance, sees this world differently from what I do. As with you so with us—many men, many minds.

Me. What do the people on your side think of vivisection ?

S. No one here is interested in the question as to whether vivisection is right or wrong. It is entirely a matter of the flesh, a question that must be settled by people in your world. I would say it should be settled by scientific not sentimental minds—although the sentimental would serve as a check to prevent carelessness and cruelty.

Me. Is your world visible, tangible and audible ?

S. It is difficult to answer this question. I would say—not actually. We create

appearances by formulating them. In most instances they exist for the formulator only. For example, my semblance is for myself, to other spirits I am a spirit. They perceive me, but not as a gentleman in a grey suit.

(I received an impression of a Cornish cottage at night with the wind rushing by.)

I am impressing you with darkness and a wind. It is the nearest I can get towards describing myself. We assume a semblance to please ourselves, just as you put on a cloak. The essential you is within the cloak, causing it to move through the streets, but though the passers-by see the cloak and the body it covers they do not see you. Yet—they perceive you are there.

October 26th.

Me. How do people on your side help people on ours ? Do they really help or only wish to ?

S. We are not able to do much for people on earth. Our minds impress your minds. You do not know it, but we do. Sometimes

that results in action that is beneficial to you. It is natural we should want to be of use to those we love; therefore we evolve plans to be useful, but we are not always successful in putting them into operation. You must realise that there are several factors. The minds we seek to impress may be strongly opposed to the course of action we wish them to take, so strongly that we may make no effect or very little. Again, it may not be natural for them to act as we should like them to. It is like stubbing your toe against a rock. We are able to use our minds more powerfully and with more effect than you because we are rid of the body; yet we cannot accomplish all the things on which our hearts are set. You will note I am using your phraseology—minds, hearts—but if I don't I can't express myself in a way that would be clear to you.

Me. At my first sittings in London my circle was troubled by something which said it was a leprechaun and which tried to possess itself of H.O. What was it?

S. There exist many varieties of beings. I know little about them. They add to our

difficulties in establishing communication with you. They appear to impede beginners; but, after a time, when the bridge between you and us is formed, they are unable to interfere.

Me. Should they be discouraged?

S. People are not all serious inquirers. When at a table sitting they don't care who answers as long as they can get the table to move. They treat a sitting as a parlour game. I cannot see that it is of any consequence who gives these people their thrill. Still, I do not know much about the matter.

No doubt these entities have their communities, their own way of living, their happiness, and I am very loath to believe that any creature is harmful.

November 3rd.

Me. Are people in your world still interested in this?

S. As far as I know spirits do not seek intercourse with people on your plane. They can, however, be summoned by thoughts from you. Otherwise, as a general rule, to which there are many exceptions, they do

not return to you, because their lives here are full and interesting. Now that it has been decided that we are to get into touch with you the matter is rather different, and when people on your side are willing to help we are glad to accept their help.

Almost everybody can get into touch with people in this world if they wish to. Development takes time, for it is an adjustment to each other of different rates of vibration. You find it difficult to seize what is being rushed through your mind. Our state of being is so different from yours that you cannot get a clear idea of it. To be happy without having physical pleasures appears to you impossible.

I am trying to give you an idea of our lives here; but you get it vaguely and darkly, because you cannot dissociate your mind from fleshly ideas. When we get here it is as if we had gone on a journey, leaving behind those we love. Means of communication are difficult. We appear, at first, to be a long way away. Many here maintain communication to be impossible and do not attempt it. Many are glad to escape from bonds the flesh, the law and convention

have imposed. The chains that galled them have fallen away. They are free, and do not wish to recall themselves to the recollection of people still "alive." But there are others—like myself—who are glad to get into touch with those left behind, and who do not find it easy to form new ties. They are always hoping a means of communication may be found. When it is, it comes through mutual affection. Strong thoughts, coloured red with love, reach us and we respond. It is like receiving a letter. The table is a good "aid to beginners," but no one should seek to make use of it unless actuated by strong affection. It is affection with thought concentrated on the individual which enables him to make use of the force generated, and which prevents it being used by beings of other orders and kinds.

November 4th, 5th.

Me. What takes the place of our physical pleasures ?

S. We are so differently organised from you that we no longer desire the pleasures of eating, drinking and sex. Our lives are mental, we have the joy of thought in action.

You look on thought as a sort of day-dreaming, whereas it is the essence of what in your world has been accomplished. Can you get at what I mean? What you do with your hands and muscles we cause without those aids.

Mental pleasures correspond to physical ones, but being freed from the obstructing medium of imperfect flesh, the joy given by them is keener. It is the difference between a smouldering coal and the flame of that coal. We have strength, and it is a delight to use it.

We do not need language. It served its purpose in your world. Thought takes its place, and thought is—as far as we are concerned—universally perceptible. When we gather sociably our thoughts are flashes. We gain skill at formulating thought, and it gives us satisfaction to use that skill.

Me. Was Christ an historical person?

S. We do not know and have no means of finding out. These great looming figures that are dimly perceptible through the mists of the past may be mythical. I cannot believe the matter to be of importance.

People will worship something—stocks and stones and self-created gods. What does it matter, while they have the desire to worship, whether the figure set up be that of Christ or another ?

November 6th.

We want you to sit more—with a circle—you would develop more rapidly. T.* is unusually gifted in psychic matters ; and mankind is evolving towards where T. is. You have lost the animal fineness of your physical senses, but are acquiring an increased fineness of mental perception. He (T.) was born with this fineness.

Me. I am putting people in touch with their friends on your side. Do you help me ?

S. You are only able to do it because of our help. Your thoughts reach us and we hasten to give you our support. You must take it for granted that every time you put a person on your side into touch with a person on this I and others are with you. Every

* T., his son. This book was sent to him in M.S., and *he* accepted the message as coming from his father.

person who becomes psychically developed is helping towards the development of humanity as a whole.

November 7th.

Me. Will psychic senses be inherited ?

S. All development tends, in a wide sense, to be reproduced in offspring. The wonder of to-day is the commonplace of to-morrow. What you are finding it difficult to make people believe will presently be universally accepted.

Me. Then what is the use of my trying to force new truth on unwilling minds ?

S. It is the law of life. It is the law of your individual life. You are of the pioneer type. You beat out paths, not perhaps untrodden, but only faintly indicated. The book you are writing shall be as free from errors as we can make it, and T.'s help will be of value.

November 12th.

Me. What have you in place of the tennis and bridge you enjoyed here ?

S. In your sense of the word I have no amusements—our occupations are mental. They give us pleasure, or we should not embark on them. I liked when with you to sit quiet and think, or rather dream. I no longer do so, perhaps because all occupation here gives me a sense of satisfaction when it is done and of enjoyment while I am engaged on it.

I formulate ideas which may be of use to those members of this enormous community with whom I come into contact—my own group, so to speak. You may not think it, but my mind is mainly practical. I was never an idealist—at least not in your sense. You have far-reaching ideals, I want the good of those with whom I am.

Me. Have you no personal life ?

S. When you are absorbed in what you are doing your life is mainly impersonal.

Me. Here people suffer from the ache of love, a cruel longing, a terrible distress. Do they lose it when they pass over ?

S. Deep emotion can be freed from pain and yet retain its force and beauty. The love felt by people on earth is a beginning. You

believe it to be unbearably intense. Here it is the main thing of our lives. In the place of ambition we have love. In place of honour, glory and renown, in place of fame and worldly success, we have love. In most cases earthly love is a pretty poor thing, but our love is an essence purged of fleshly desires and limitations.

November 13th.

Me. Are there no cases with you in which love is given and not returned ?

S. Our love is more all-embracing. We feel warmly towards those with whom we spend our time. The craving for a return of affection is earthly and seems to us morbid. We love certain people more than others, but our love is like sunshine, reaching out to all.

It is difficult for me to realise that this pouring of messages through your mind can tire you. I do not perceive your tiredness ; but something in you resists having to receive the messages when you are not well or are overdone.

Me. When people are ill here do people on your side try to heal them ?

S. Not as far as I know. In this world of ours we have too much to do, too many concerns of our own to seek to interfere with things we have left behind. My interest in you, for instance, is a sort of side line to my usual life and work, even as your interest in me is apart from your writing and friendships.

As a general rule you may take it that we are too fully occupied to interfere with you. We seek to establish communion, but have not got very far with that as yet. Our world is not a dependency of yours, but a further stage, and we are as fully occupied in our very different way as you are.

November 18th.

S. We can cause lights to appear, but we cannot make you see them. I have tried to show you flashes and steady lights, but I don't think you have seen them. Miss S. (*mentioning a friend who was sitting with me*) saw that light and will see more.

Me. What are the lights?

S. Light affects us, and yet we have power over it. I do not think I can explain

sufficiently for you to grasp it. In a sense we are light, but not in any sense known to you.

Me. It is very difficult to get properly into touch with you—so many things come between and prevent.

S. Fumbling — but if people persevere they reach us. *Easy things are suspect.* To establish communion between our minds and yours is at present difficult. People are either credulous and ready to believe anything that is unusual, or they are sceptical and unable to accept a simple explanation. That life should continue seems to me reasonable. A glimmering of this has long been in the mind of humanity and is expressed in the various creeds. Imagination has, however, always taken a transcendental turn, whereas the reality—that life is a thing in itself which uses the flesh and leaves the flesh and is still a thing in itself—being simple and natural, is overlooked.

November 19th.

Me. Many people are malicious—how can they live in a world in which love is the chief factor ?

S. Malice is generally due to defective conditions and a limited education. It passes when understanding comes.

Me. How do you reach understanding ?

S. In this world we are evolving, even as in your world humanity is evolving. With us the individual evolves. It is like a flower growing—the beginnings may be mean and small. We live in the light of truth, and gradually turn more and more towards it. Even with us, however, growth is a slow process. We have a great deal to learn ; but learning is a pleasure. The exercise of our powers, the development of nascent gifts, are our chief interest. Ours is the happiness of the student who loves the knowledge he is seeking. Do not imagine it is all work and no play, however. We have our relaxations, our periods of rest, of recreation, times when we change from one delightful occupation, to another as interesting and absorbing. You have not sufficient imagination to grasp what would be the occupations of a mind freed from its body and the needs of the body.

Me. Miss S. has been sitting with some

people who are not developed, and has had a series of inaccurate messages, false statements.

S. Her experience is that of many people. The power she created appears to have been seized by an order of beings who are tricky, but not, I think, malevolent. Her mind would naturally repudiate their statements, and it is all experience. She has to learn how to get into touch with her relatives. It takes time and patience.

Me. People declared to her they were in agony and asked for her prayers.

S. They were not of this world. They may be figments of the mind. I doubt their objective existence, yet again they may exist. As to their misery, I doubt its actuality. I find here a high standard of happiness, and have never encountered any form of misery.

People are sorry to have left behind those they loved, but it is as if they had gone on a journey and their friends would presently join them. There is no other reason for unhappiness. A little patience, and they meet again those they love—and patience comes easy in a world so full of interest as this.

November 21st.

Me. How can your story-tellers produce tales if they do not use words ?

S. It is a matter of perception. The author has formulated the scenes of the story, and we perceive what he formulates, what he puts in of emotion, thought and so on.

Me. I knew you formulated thought, I did not know you could formulate emotion.

S. Emotion finds expression by means of light. The glow, its richness, depth and colour, is given by emotion. Thought is constructive, emotion the indwelling light. Those capable of deep emotion have a warm beauty, different from the white light of thought.

Me. I have had bad business news—a printers' strike.

S. The fluctuations of the minds of men. We—who have no commercial troubles, no income—are to be envied. Your troubles will not last long, a few years and you will be for ever free of them.

November 30th.

Me. People have asked for further information with regard to the bodies you make for yourselves.

S. We have bodies here because we have been used to them on earth. They appear to us to be a covering. We do not need bodies, but because we like to have them we form them with our thoughts. They are an appearance.

Me. Are they solid ?

S. To us they appear to be solid. We will them to appear so. Their semblance is that of the bodies we had ; but they do not function in the same way. Anyone can formulate the semblance of a body. If they forget to think of some part they notice its absence and focus on what is required.

Our bodies have qualities that yours haven't. They are capable of instant transport from place to place. They can pass through what to you are solid structures. They can in turn be passed through. They do not require to be nourished, warmed or tended. They do not tire. We shed them when we pass to another life.

Me. To what degree are your world and this in touch ?

S. Only slightly as yet. On both sides some people are able to make a bridge between and deal with difficulties of communication. They get interesting if not always very reliable results.

We try to help those we love, but matters which constitute the daily life of people on earth are to us distant, unreal and to a large extent unimportant. We help by loving—it is a spiritual thing. When you are unhappy I try to reach you with my love.

Me. Then you cannot help us with material things ?

S. I have tried to, but without success. I have been able to forecast some things that have happened ; but it is difficult in this life of light and glowing interests to attune myself to the earth-life, that life which is still of the first importance to you—so much of it is a passing show.

Me. What of the books we are writing—for instance, that which I have just finished ?

S. I perceive it as a series of scenes that

have a faint life of their own. Being formulated they do not perish, and their size and glow is in accordance with the art force which created them. Poor emanations are faint and quickly fade ; but art lives. There is a great deal of it here.

December 3rd.

Me. I want you to talk to me.

S. I am very happy. I am always glad to get a message from you. I like you to tell me what you are doing.

Me (after a pause). Unless I ask questions you don't tell me anything.

S. Your questions stimulate me—you grope towards understanding, and I try to help you. People on your side fail to grasp the conditions on this because they do not realise that we have gone on, that we are not looking back. Our lives are deeply interesting to us, but people on earth imagine their lives to be of more interest and importance than ours. They cannot grasp the reality of our existence. It is like a flower that has expanded from its bud. Try to imagine that expansion. Think of it in terms of a flower—

that opening to sun and light and air. On earth we were as buds with our possibilities folded tight within us. The wonder of our new life and powers overshadows the past. We become occupied with matters of importance pertaining to our lives here. From them we turn to hold affectionate communion with those who think of us and send love to us. But we return to our affairs here.

People cannot grasp that ours is a fuller and wider existence. They think of us as having a shadowy sort of life, as being hangers-on to the rich life they lead, whereas the contrary is the case.

Their life is an early stage, ours more advanced. Until that is realised and accepted credulity, misconception and self-seeking are bound to cloak the actual facts.

December 4th.

S. You still think of the discarnate as engaged in praise and worship. The churches and chapels—their ideas—still influence you, you cannot rid yourself of them. In our community, as on earth, the theological mind still exists; but its theories are less pronounced. We recognise that they are only

theories. People assert and affirm here with a pound of conviction to an ounce of fact, even as they did on earth; the difference is that we are nearer truth, in as much as we cannot lie, our thoughts being visible. We may remain wrong-headed, but it has less effect on our fellows, for it is apparent to them that we are only guessing. If a man wishes to worship, it does not concern us. It is his way of living. On the whole we are less theologically minded than we were.

I accept my life and do not ask questions about it. If it had been necessary that I should know more than I do the knowledge would have been given me. I live the happy hours, not realising their flight.

Me. How do you live them?

S. Much as you do, only with this all-pervading sense of contentment. I work at what interests me, I relax with friends, I meditate and I experiment and sometimes I rest and dream. It is the same as with you, only this world has more powers and no unhappiness.

The fairy tales of children are guesses at the powers we possess. We move like the

wind, we live in the light, age and sickness and poverty have been left behind. We are personality and mind. We have been set free, our disabilities are gone, and each of us is a force, a centre of energy, a being who loves and thinks and lives.

Me. What were you actually doing when I called you ?

S. I was riding through space with other spirits. I have a better idea than you of its magnitude, yet I cannot wholly grasp it. We had felt that if we could reach the confines of the world we might be able to grasp its magnitude. You have explored your little earth from pole to pole. We are still exploring.

December 8th.

Me. If personality continues to exist there must be the clash of temperaments.

S. To a certain extent, but as we do not create more lives the trouble is not so far-reaching. We are not bound together. There is "no marrying or giving in marriage." We do not attempt to live with people who are unable to inspire us with affection. We seek companions pleasing to us, satisfying,

stimulating. Each possesses his soul in a serenity that depression and loneliness — the fogs and miasma of earth — cannot touch.

Me. But if there is no sex and no family life why should you feel affection ?

S. I presume that it is part of us. We give it out like perfume.

Me. All of you ?

S. With few exceptions. We are all sorts, as we were on earth ; but love is an expression of life as well as an attitude toward it. The kindness of people on earth is a marked human characteristic. Here it is intensified.

You are not surprised when you find people kindly, only when they are harsh and ruthless. In others words, even with you kindliness is normal and the other unusual.

December 10th.

S. We are affected by light, but not adversely. We can affect matter by our thoughts. We can move things, and the movement causes sound to you, but we do not hear it. The power that you generate

when sitting in circle we are able to use in several ways; or rather the power generated by each circle is a little different, and the use we make of it accords with that difference. Direct voice, for instance, is less usual than the simple power which enables us to tilt—or rap—on a table.

Me. How are we to know what sort of power we have?

S. By what happens, by what results you get.

Me. What makes it so difficult to establish communion?

S. I wish it were not so difficult; but the different rates of vibration—yours and ours—make us unable to apprehend what reaches you. We get your thoughts quite easily, but we cannot slow ours down sufficiently for the same to be true of them. We give you a message or a thought, but are in ignorance as to whether you have got it. However, we are not only experimenting but are collecting data, and shall eventually be able to act on the acquired information. This building of bridges between the worlds has been casual and sporadic, but is now being

scientifically developed. In a few years we hope to have overcome the main difficulties.

Death has never been taken very seriously by the masses of humanity, and that is because they have unconscious knowledge that their earth-life is only a stage. This knowledge will become conscious.

December 15th.

S. The body in sleep is open to influences from without. Realise that thought is a thing. It can reach the mind when awake and even better when it is asleep. Dreams often arise from impinging thoughts. The muddle of them is due to the recipient mind having its own stream of ideas.

Sleep is suspended consciousness, but the unconscious part of you does not die.

The more developed personalities are able to escape occasionally from the thrall of the flesh and mingle with us. You bring back the memory of having passed through space, of having flown without wings. It is difficult for you to retain the memory of what you have done and with whom you have been. One effect is that when the spirit leaves the body altogether and for ever it is not always

a stranger here. It recognises this world as a place it has visited and with which it is familiar.

We are often together, and I am able to show you what interests me. The passing of these ideas into your mind is difficult, when compared with the ease of doing so when you are with me. I wish you could remember what you experience during sleep; but I am afraid it is not possible in your present stage of development.

December 16th.

Me. It is a nuisance that when Miss S. and I sit the fairy world is able to interrupt us.

S. Miss S. has power, but the early stages of development are frequently difficult. You overcame your difficulties, and she will overcome hers.

Me. We are sitting for direct voice.

S. We cannot tell from this side whether you will get it; but go on sitting for it. Rome was not built in a day.

Me. I have been thinking of certain people that I know—weak folk.

S. The weak have their happiness. Quiet,

simple men and women form the bulk of the people. The so-called weak often have loving natures which, here, as they cannot drink or thieve or indulge in other tiresome habits, are the more noticeable.

Me. As kindliness has grown out of motherhood I cannot see how it can develop further in a barren world.

S. Our women do not bear children. They passed through that stage in their previous life; but their natures are still female. They look at the world with different eyes from those of men. The root of their present flowering is in the soil of earth. They are the result of their past. Don't think of us as dehumanised. We are only more highly developed than we were.

Me. When for you that stage is ended what will become of you?

S. Although we are no longer perceived by our companions, I am not sure that we go away. It may be that we change again, as we changed from the life on earth. To us—so content, absorbed and glad—it appears impossible that any change could be for the

better; but I suspect that is due to lack of imagination. The leaves fall, but the tree remains and new leaves are inherent.

Me. Until it dies.

S. Until its fibres decay and the life held in them is released.

Me. Do you mean that vegetable life has more stages than the one known to us?

S. Development is the law of life, and life—as far as we know—is mutable but indestructible.

December 19th.

S. That we have been able to reach each other has been a satisfaction. Your feeling of having been badly treated and mine that you were harsh has vanished, and the underlying affection has come to the surface. We are happy about each other, and that will abide until we meet.

Me. What makes it difficult to communicate?

S. The different rates of our vibrations. It is a matter of adaptation. No, weather does not affect us.

Me. Not even electric storms? Thunder?

S. It is you who are affected by them, not us.

Me. But you said that light affected you.

S. Light is different. It is a force that we use and that is part of us. But our light—that of which I am speaking—is not sunshine. We enjoy the shining of many suns; but there is a light—such as we throw on your walls or show you—that does not come from the sun.

Me. Why do certain circles sit in darkness for direct voice and other psychic phenomena?

S. I can't imagine, for it is not necessary and often results in fraud. The difficulty of communication is largely due to its having to be mental. People on earth doubt—and wisely—what is told through the mind. Even those who believe that they receive messages know they are apt to colour them. Mediums colour by their opinions and beliefs their general mental attitude and state of intelligence the messages that we send. How then can the average person winnow the grain from the chaff? It is extremely difficult and will take a long time, perhaps many generations,

before people on earth will have built up a body of truth concerning this life.

And there are the lives beyond this, the lives we, over here, are trying to learn about. Think of what we mean when we use the word future. You can imagine that that is more interesting to us than the life on earth, the life which was—we must suppose—our starting-point, and with which we have finished.

January 2nd.

S. It is a sign of progress that intelligent minds are seeking evidence of survival. The increasing literature on the subject, the fact that many writers of the first rank are experimenting, that a number of them have been convinced and are prepared to acknowledge their conviction is evidence of dawning light. Go on helping people to obtain the proofs they seek.

Me. My difficulty is with two classes of people. (1) Those who not only do not wish to be convinced but are rabidly opposed to conviction. (2) Those who, accepting the fact of phenomena, yet explain the messages away as arising from the subconscious.

S. Islands in the sea of faith. They can't be helped. Numerous at present, they will eventually disintegrate and disappear and survival be accepted. It will presently be as much a matter of course to people as sunrise.

Me. In studying the writings of others I am surprised to find things that are not in accordance with what you tell me.

S. The messages we give are coloured by the receiving minds. Where you get unanimous messages you will be able to give them credence, where you don't it is wise to doubt.

Me. People get varying messages about suicide.

S. That is because there another factor has to be taken into consideration. We here are not all of the same opinion. I told you my experience. I was welcomed without inquiry. My only feeling was joy at being liberated from the flesh ; but another man might feel differently, might regard the matter from a different angle. My opinion was individual. It will take the generations of man a long time to distinguish between

the actual and the personal, the fundamental and ultimate, and what comes and goes and is impermanent.

Me. Where do you place the creeds ?

S. Personal and impermanent. The mind is conscious of a need. It frames something to satisfy that need. The something, made by the subconscious, is not objective. For the time being it satisfies, but it will pass. If the need is still felt something better will take its place. And so on down the ages.

(During the next few weeks I was ill.)

January 25th.

Me. Did you know I was ill ?

S. I was conscious of a difference in you. I could not see you as clearly as usual.

Me. I did not seem able to reach you.

S. You were unable to formulate strongly your wish to see me.

Me. Don't you come unless I send out a wish ?

S. I am often with you when you are not

aware of me. I don't suppose a day passes without my having been to see you.

Me. They are not days with you ?

S. No, when I say a day I mean a short period, a little while. Life here is unending day. There is no night.

Me. No moon, no stars ?

S. The stars are to us what continents are to you. The moon is a fragment of the earth. We have exchanged the loveliness of green places for a greater loveliness. See all you can of the earth while you are living on it, for when you join me you will have a widened outlook. The earth will be to you only a tiny part of the whole.

Me. I have been sitting with Miss S. for direct voice. We occasionally get whistling, but that is all.

S. You are trying an experiment. It requires patience. We too are trying and hoping. When you do not get any results we are as much disappointed as you. We find it difficult to understand why some should get results and others none. The only way is to go on trying, and to remember when you

get discouraged that we too are trying, and that we want to reach you just as much as you want to reach us.

Me. You have scientific people on your side to help you.

S. Hitherto our intercourse with your world has been the result of some gift which we don't as yet understand. People are now studying phenomena, weighing evidence, examining the way in which these gifts function.

Me. I think they are beginning, but only beginning to do that here—Barrett, Crookes, Myers, Lodge ——

S. You suffer from this disadvantage. Whereas we know that we have lived on earth and that you are still living there, you don't —most of you—know we are alive and eager to get into touch with you.

January 30th.

(I was ill and felt discouraged.)

S. You must not expect too much. Miss S. has only lately begun to experiment, and

even you have not been working at it very long. Development is gradual and slower in some people than in others. Persevere.

Me. Shall we get direct voice ?

S. We cannot tell. We shall do our best to help you to get it. We want you to, because it is the best means of communication.

Me. Is it necessary to darken the room ?

S. I do not really know. I am dubious as to the value of these precautions. They may be inventions of minds who consider ceremonial of importance. We live and function in light, and for us there is no darkness. Your darkened rooms are not dark to us. If, therefore, the darkness that you make has any value, that has to do with you and not with us.

Me. Give me your advice as to the best procedure.

S. What is of value is the power a circle develops. We try to use it, but are frequently baulked by the texture of the minds with which we are brought into contact. I would say be simple, be cautious, and do not expect too much in the way of results.

Me. Can't you give me more exact advice with regard to getting the voice ?

S. Keep your mind open, listen, be ready, and, if possible, meet frequently. We shall do all we can. The mood in which you are may possibly assist. Or the voice may come solely through the power. The matter is too much in the experimental stage for us to know.

Do not believe what others tell you. Keep an open mind. Think for yourself. That is the scientific attitude and you must cultivate it. You will not arrive at even approximate truth unless you do.

Chapter Four

The "George" Script

GEORGE DAWSON was the brother of my grandmother, and as she married a cousin, her brother was also the cousin of my grandfather. The family regarded him as very clever, but tiresome. He had been proficient in music, played the violin, painted in water-colours, was well-educated, handsome and fond of company. Perhaps he was too fond of company. At any rate, he took to drink, lost his work, gradually went down hill, and, by more respectable members of the family, was presently persuaded to try his fortunes abroad. He died, as some of the family said, "in a ditch." I have only the tradition of him to go by, for he died many years before I was born. One evening when I was sitting with a friend he came to the table and offered to help me to get messages through from his world. By that time I was doing a certain quantity of

"inspirational script." I thought it would be interesting to obtain some from a fresh and different mind, one also which was unknown to me.

All I know of his work was a flower-painting—some tulips.

September 9th.

G. Your grandfather was my cousin. I was born in Norfolk, at Holt, and went to school there. I came to Plumstead with the family when I was about twelve. I was younger than my sister Susanna, your grandmother.

September 15th.

G. I was very like your father in appearance—red-haired. I wanted to write—as you do—and that is why I am talking to you. No, I did not marry. I liked women, but I liked fun and liquor more. I had a school for boys.

I got my gifts—such as they were—from the Dawson family, not from my mother's side. I was not really very musical, some of the others were. I painted and wrote and also had a voice.

Me. Have you any news of H. D. Lowry?

G. He had creative gift and is using it. Our art is more advanced than yours.

Me. What do you do?

G. What is equivalent to writing poems and plays. The quality of our work depends on the quality of our minds, but the production of it is not so difficult as when the medium was physical.

Me. When I come over what shall I do?

G. What is natural to you—your creative power is dual.

September 16th.

Me. Tell me something I don't know.

G. Very well. I ran away from home and was nearly drowned in the Thames. Lost my way. Farm people took me in, and I stayed there till my parents got wind of where I was. One day I saw my father riding up to the door. I got a thrashing for that.

I was always restless and dissatisfied. Dawson Rogers was my cousin — not a

wild bird like me — but we had traits in common.

September 18th.

G. We do not have books; but thoughts are things. Not the nebulous drift which your thoughts mostly are.

Me. Mine?

G. Everybody's. Formulated thought can become permanent. It has form and shape. In a way it lives.

Me. Yes, but when we are doing creative work we require to make alterations—improvements.

G. Thought here is not stultified by having to come through a coarse medium. Our minds are not bound by the bones of a skull, and can expand to their full possibility. If I make, that is, think, a poem, it is a shining brilliance, and every spirit in my neighbourhood is able to enjoy it. Great art glows, and the greater it is the more effulgent. We have no false ideas about our work. We cannot be misled in our estimate of it—for it has an appearance with which no one can tamper.

September 21st.

G. I am an artist here, but not first-rate. I am a jack of all arts—poems, plays, pictures.

A picture here is literally a picture. We think it into being and the thought remains. We don't have walls on which to hang our pictures, but they become part of the general consciousness. I wander for long periods among visions of beauty which other minds have formulated. I formulate my own visions, sometimes as a single picture, sometimes in flashing scenes.

You do not read here, but the story flows before you from its inception to its finis. On earth the arts were entirely distinct and widely different. The cause of this was that their material mediums were different. Here they are almost interchangeable. Music is sheer emotion, stories are emotion to which personality has been given, plays are emotion in action. Paintings depict emotion. Poetry and music are two aspects of the same art. All art is built on a mathematical rhythm, which forms a groundwork and takes the place of the canvas, paper, instrument or what not.

Me. And thought ?

G. Thought has nothing to do with art. Thought is life and art is the steam of the kettle.

Me. What do you do ?

G. I told you—I spend my happy days (forgive my using the old forms of speech) giving form to my ideas of beauty. I may not do it very well, but I 'm better fitted to do that than anything else.

September 22nd.

Me. When art is not first rate what happens to it ?

G. I always think of it as a falling star—it glitters for a second and then vanishes. The hope of the artist here is that his work shall have permanency.

Me. Is your work better than it was here ?

G. Oh, infinitely ; but the standard here is much higher too.

Art is the essence of life. It is not life itself. As I said yesterday, it is the steam of the kettle.

Our family runs to artists of one sort and another, but we haven't produced anything very big yet, though I fancy we might have had reason to be proud of K. (*a cousin*).

Me. Your world seems to be all light and warmth and happiness.

G. Nothing to grumble at, and a vast improvement on the last; but I do not feel that this is the end. Anyway, though, it is good enough as it is.

Me. Were you and are you a Christian?

G. I was a questioner. So was Dawson Rogers. He felt that the Spiritualist faith solved his difficulties. I never got my ideas settled. I suppose I was a Christian; in other words, I did nothing definite about the matter. I 'm still rather uncertain. Does it matter? I am interested in art, not in religion, and I always was. Never having been religious I yet find myself here. Perhaps, then, religion is not of extreme importance. In other words, people can think what they like and it makes no particular difference.

Me. I don't see how a mind can develop if it is tied to a creed.

G. Would be slower about it, no doubt. Anyway, the facts of existence here knock on the head a lot of the old ideas. This life isn't in the least what they have been taught to expect, and their previous notions about it have to go by the board.

As they find themselves here they set about coming to fresh conclusions and salving what they can of the old. The shock they 've had helps to broaden them a bit.

But there 's no compulsion, they think as they like, and very rummy some of their notions are. On the whole, though, their new notions are more rational than those they had on earth.

September 24th.

G. The art you create on earth is represented here.

Artists give off thought forms, or, I should say, art forms. They formulate what they perceive, and if it is living it persists. We do not have the middlemen of art—publishers, orchestras, actors, singers; for here art is a thing in itself. It leaves the artist to be a joy for all, a shining vision, a great sound, an interpretation of life.

The enjoyment of art here is very much greater than it was in our first life. We are more able to understand and appreciate it.

Me. Why do you say "first" life ?

G. Because we can remember that, but can't remember anything before that. H. D. Lowry will come along one of these days for a talk.

Me. He is happy ?

G. It is a commonplace to say he is happier than he was during his first life, for we all are.

I know you find it difficult to get hold of the conditions here, and I can't give you more than a glimmering. It is all so very different. As you develop you will get a better notion of things.

September 25th.

G. H. D. Lowry is here. Would you like to speak to him.

Me. Instead of you ?

G. If you think of me at any time I will come.

Me. It is difficult to focus on you, as I have no picture of you in my mind.

G. You do very well without it.

(I then had a message from H.D.L.)

September 19th.

Me. What did you do best when on earth ?

G. Played the fiddle.

Me. I thought you said music was not your strong point ?

G. Well—I did not know much about it.

Me. Are words used in the stories you create ?

G. We don't use words because our thoughts are visible. When we formulate a story it is in progressive scenes. Instead of reading the story we perceive it. When Miss S. thinks out a scene that scene becomes indelible. She does not think it in words, she sees it rising through her mind, and she gives it the expression necessary for your world ; but it does not begin with words. They are added.

Here they are not required. The material she shapes and all artists shape remains in its original form.

Me. You spoke of music as a sound. Do you hear ?

G. We perceive. Our senses are different from yours. Sound has waves and those waves are perceived by us.

Me. Vocal music and acting ?

S. We do not sing ; also the actor's gift takes here another form. The secondary arts have lost their *raison d'être,* and the energy that inspired them has gone in other channels. For you must not suppose that singers, actors, performing musicians and so forth are at a loss. Though art no longer requires interpreters, these people select occupations which satisfy them.

October 15th.

Me. Will you please tell me of your life, death, occupations in life No. 2, and why you have not gone on yet to life No. 3.

G. I was a schoolmaster and grew tired of teaching, but could not earn a living with

my violin and my painting. I did drink too much, but not as much as people said. My school was a success, but I could not stand the routine; and William (*his brother-in-law*), who was a straight-laced old buck and thought me too rampageous altogether, helped me to sell it and get away. I wanted to see the world, and he wanted to get rid of me. They were sedate, religious people and looked on me as a bit of a rip. William gave me the money to go abroad, and whenever I was hard up he helped me; but I was generally able to make both ends meet.

I always had a good time. I enjoyed my first life immensely. Of course, I was a rolling-stone, but I enjoyed the rolling—the fresh experiences, different people, the rollicking old world and the fun of it.

I caught fever, and went out in a day or two and roused up here. I thought: "Huzza! that 's good—another top-hole world for G.D."

I 've had a good time here, for it isn't so easy to get into trouble and people aren't so straight-laced. They 've no objection to your being yourself, in fact you can't humbug and lie as you had to, to get along anyway

comfortably on earth. I've had such a good time that I've never wanted to go on, although I suppose I shall one of these days. Apparently we live longer here, and yet it doesn't seem long. . . . I suppose that is because time isn't cut up into days and seasons. We go on with the thing we are doing as long as we have the inclination, and we naturally do not know how long that has been.

Me. The thing you are doing? What do you do?

G. I love company. I delight in being with people. One moment I am absorbed in making a story or a poem; then I am going off with a group of friends to bathe together in the light. We try our powers—they are equivalent to yours, only more highly developed. There is mental romping and games. . . . I don't like the word "mental," for it is more than that. Think of it as "personality," personality without the flesh. I don't suppose you can get it, and it is difficult to explain. The whole thing is difficult, for you do not use the same words as I do, and I cannot make you take mine.

November 23rd.

G. Looking back, our time on earth seems pretty dismal compared with the life here . . . as if the sky had been always cloudy. It was not, of course, but this is bright and clear. Pleasant company, jovial friends, freedom from care. We turn from one delight to another . . . an infinite variety of happy occupations. We swim in light, we use our gifts, and by use we develop them, we remain always at our best and strongest. We do not age.

Me. But does that go on for ever ?

G. It goes on for a long while, but my father and mother have vanished from my haunts, and I suppose that presently I shall follow them. I suppose they went when they had developed so far that they were no longer fitted for the life here.

Me. Do you know where they are gone ?

G. I imagine that they, having developed as far as possible to them in these conditions, are no longer apparent to me, and that this is due to my being less developed.

There is a thick, slow clumsiness about the earth-folk with their cumbersome bodies, their difficulty of moving from place to place, their grubbing for sustenance, from which we are delivered. Probably my father and mother, in a more rarefied state, are thinking of me as slow and stupid. It is natural to suppose each stage an advance on those before it.

Me. What will be the end of this slow evolution of life ?

G. Some suppose one thing and some another. I don't think. I live from moment to moment and I live joyously.

Me. What is music in your world ?

G. With you music expresses itself in sound, and we have no sense of hearing. Nevertheless, we perceive it, because sound is not a necessary part of music. We perceive the movement, the motifs, the scheme, we perceive more exquisitely than you hear.

You do not grasp that our perception is a sublimation of your senses. Strip away your senses, and what is left ? Your

mental vision, your clair-audience, etc. You would say that you see with your mind. In your dreams what do you see and hear with ?

Chapter Five

The "Henry" Script

WHEN I was fifteen I went to stay with relatives in Cornwall, and met for the first time a cousin who, although a year or two younger than myself, became a great friend. We had tastes in common, for we both intended to be poets. Henry Dawson Lowry made his debut—as I also did—in *Chambers's Journal*. He afterwards published *The Hundred Windows*, wrote a number of short stories (*Wreckers and Methodists*, *Women's Tragedies*, etc.) and after his early death (with the kind help of Mr. Greville Matheson) I arranged the poems he left and published them as *A Dream of Daffodils*.

His most perfect lyric no doubt was :—

Now that my love lies sleeping
How call me glad or sad,
Who gave into her keeping
Everything I had :

All love I held for beauty
And all I knew of truth,
All care for any duty,
And what I kept of youth?

Now that my love lies sleeping
There 's neither good nor bad. . . .
I gave into her keeping
Everything I had.

But he will be remembered in the West for his love of it. He gave utterance to that in innumerable stories and in such lines as :—

The old sea here at my door,
The old hills there in the West—
What can a man want more
Till he goes at last to his rest?

My great-uncle had told me that Henry would " come along for a talk," and this he did on September 25th, 1925.

H.D.L. Isn't it queer talking like this—across space? No, not space, it is talking among altered conditions. I 'm near you, yet I speak from afar off.

At that time we were anxious to obtain some information about the family property, and I thought my cousin might be able to help me.

Me. Can you remember things that happened in this life ?

H.D.L. Not very well.

Me. Can you remember whether any of the D. property which you inherited from your mother went to Miss C. ?

H.D.L. Tom would know. I don't think it did. I left her all I could, but there was something I could not leave. It may have been that.

(Interruption.)

October 18th.

H.D.L. I liked the fishermen on the north coast, and used to go over and watch them bring in their catches.

> He then flashed on my mind a picture of a fish-cellar—an oblong grey building, standing lower than the road. A side road ran down past it. Iron posts were along the edge of the ordinary road. I have also been shown this place in dreams, but have never seen it with my eyes. His sister tells me that at one time he went a good deal to St. Ives to see the fishermen and that the fish-cellars are there.

H.D.L. I had a room on the ground-floor at the Bank, where I wrote.

His father was manager of the bank. H.D.L. then gave me a picture of a darkish room, fire in corner, littered table, papers on floor as well as on table, comfortable old chair.

His sister said when I wrote to her of this vision : " Henry had a room to himself, it stood between the Bank and the wash-house. It had a fire across the corner, a rug on the floor and a very comfortable old leather chair. It was known as ' Henry's Room.' I don't think it was dark."

October 24th.

H.D.L. built up several pictures. The faces of people we had both known. St. Ives Bay. Part of the Bank House at Camborne.

H.D.L. Carnbrae was a place I was fond of climbing about. Dolcoath interested me. I went down several times. I wrote about it.

He left an unfinished novel about Dolcoath—" Wheal Darkness."

He then flashed on my mind a

picture of a shaft and a curiously-shaped object in which several men were descending. I saw a thick, rusty iron cable.

October 25th.

H.D.L. I have reconstructed here the room I had at the Bank. It is my home, the place I go to and rest and be by myself. I like the Cornish feeling there is about it.

I sat expecting pictures to appear, but none came.

H.D.L. I can give you pictures better when you do not expect them.

He then built up a picture of St. Ives, but it was one that was familiar to me.

H.D.L. It is easier to give you a picture which is in both of our memories than to build up one that is unknown to you.

Me. But it would be better for evidential purposes that it should not be a memory picture.

H.D.L. You have not seen pictures before,

and as they are new to you you must not be in a hurry.

November 22nd.

Me. I do not see what incentive you have to work. We need to earn a living, but you do not.

H.D.L. We do things because we want to. Our energy makes us want to, and we are blessed with a great deal of energy. It seems odd to me to find myself wanting to do things. In the other life I had not much energy—not sufficient.

Me. Do you get our books ?

H.D.L. The art you produce appears here in the shape of bubbles—I do not mean actual bubbles, but a rounded shape containing all of the work that is of value. These containers are not filmy or breakable, they are clear.

Me. It is difficult to understand how your art is produced—for instance, music.

H.D.L. Music is combined numbers. It impresses us as emotion and an expression of living force, in a less human medium than

story or song. Story and song are given through the human being. Music does not appear to be.

When perceiving it we imagine we are hearing it; but it is not really so, as perception with us takes the place of your senses.

Me. What are you doing?

H.D.L. Just enjoying life. Experimenting with poetic form. It is more plastic here and has a wider range, and I am stronger. It is tremendously interesting.

Me. You generally give me pictures?

H.D.L. I thought I 'd like a chat to-day.

He then gave a picture of the Cornish coast from Godrevy to Zennor.

December 1st.

Me. What form does the material in the containers take for you?

H.D.L. We perceive the people of a story as if they were real and their story were actually happening. Art of this kind is an expression of the individual—just as

a child is. It is something made. Once made it is freed from the parent mind and becomes a thing in itself. As such it is a world-possession. All stories do not reach us. Many are only suited for the earth stage of our evolution.

Our art here is less limited; in other words, it is representative of the stage we have reached.

Me. Do you object to light?

H.D.L. We have our being in light, but it adds to the difficulty of certain forms of communication. To inspirational and automatic writing it can make no difference.

Me. Well, of course not. What are the so-called "guides"?

H.D.L. I am not aware of the existence of any such people. They may be imaginary or promptings of the unconscious self.

Me. But mediums say they see them.

H.D.L. Do not be credulous. Life is not complex. It is a simple but wide and varied evolution. The human mind seeks a prop, seeks to lean. It must learn to go forward on its own strength.

Me. That is a hard saying.

H.D.L. A saying few will be able to accept.

December 2nd.

Me. Will you tell me what happened when you passed over?

H.D.L. I don't know what happened at first. A sort of pause and then a gradual awakening. I had a dim vision. By degrees the vision cleared and became particularised. I saw my mother. Then others that I knew. I came so vaguely out of my unconsciousness that I did not feel any surprise. I had a growing sense of being cared for, of comfort, of surrounding affection. It was very pleasant. It became more pleasant. I gradually roused to full realisation of my mother's presence, and went on from that to a realisation of my new life in a new world. I think I only came slowly to its possibilities of joy and growth. I had been a feeble sort of person, and it took me some time to gather strength here, but there was no need of haste. I could rest and dream and come by

degrees to my new powers and possibilities. My life was pervaded by my mother's presence, and for a time it was all I asked. I still dream a lot, but I have a dozen times the strength and energy I had on your side.

A good many of my old friends are here—Henley and Nicoll Dunn, and others whose names I could not get through to you.

You must think of us as doing things equivalent to what we did on earth, but with added powers and without the disabilities from which we suffered.

Newspapers on earth are prevented by one thing and another from being an accurate record of events. The minds controlling them are biased and limited. Here we disseminate information and our minds are still biased, only less so; but we are unable to give an unfaithful account of any event. The truth is apparent. All do not accept it when they see it, but it is there before them. As people develop they lose prejudices and inhibitions, but you must remember that although we have developed a great deal we are still only a stage farther on the long journey.

Me. You say "the long journey." What do the words mean to you ?

H.D.L. I can only remember my life on earth, and that not very well, but I have a feeling that I existed before that. Sometimes the feeling is quite strong. It connects me with eastern lands. When on earth I felt drawn to eastern art and life. I still feel as if there were a link. I can't tell for certain, and it does not matter—besides, it is only a bit of me. Could *parts* of us have been in existence elsewhere ?

I also feel that this life is a growth towards a finer state of being.

I am content to lie in the tides of life and time and be carried whither they will.

Chapter Six

The "Stead" Script

ONE chilly February afternoon this year (1926) I was sitting in the cosy room of my friends Elizabeth and Winfrith Shafto, when we said we would have a table séance, but not summon to it anyone in particular. As usual they began by saying the Lord's Prayer, in which I did not join. Soon afterwards the table began to tilt out letters. The tilting was that of a person of considerable determination.

"WTS," said the table.

But WTS is not a word, it is not the beginning of any word, and we remonstrated, supposing that a mistake was being made. The table moved impatiently and began again—"WTST."

Again we argued the matter, but were impressed to go on. The feeling of someone who was a little annoyed with our stupidity was strong.

We gave way, therefore, and allowed the table to do as it would. It spelt out: W. T. Stead.

Our surprise and pleasure may be imagined. "Is it really you, Mr. Stead?" and the table graciously admitted that he was speaking. Now we none of us had met or even seen Mr. Stead. We knew of him as a journalist, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* the man who had suffered imprisonment in order to expose the *Maiden Tribute,* and the founder of the *Review of Reviews;* but the man himself was a stranger to us. We were delighted that he should have come to pay us a visit.

He promptly told us that he had come to help us with our investigations. "Keep quiet mind and I will try and flash message like a photograph."

We obeyed, but were possibly too anxious for the experiment to be a success. My friends received a message, but were convinced it had come from their subconscious, and therefore did not admit they had had it. Mr. Stead was disappointed, and said: "Your minds are too taut. I will try again to-morrow."

No success attended the sitting on

the following day, but I asked whether he would not try to give me the message by means of inspirational writing, and he said he would gladly try.

On the morning of February 15th I received this message :—

W.T.S. I am here.

Me. How was it you came to us ?

W.T.S. You were seeking. I met your thought and came in response. You knew of me and made me welcome. I tried to help you by flashing a message on your mind, but was not successful. The message was: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

That afternoon I told the Shaftos what the message had been, and it was the same that they had thought had risen from their subconscious! They had thought so because, being the daughters of a minister, they were used to Biblical phrases coming into their minds. All three of us therefore got Mr. Stead's message. He came

again to the table, and told us he would continue to give me messages by means of inspirational writing, and this he did.

February 20th.

W.T.S. I am here. (*Pause.*) I will do my best. You are trying to learn of the conditions here ?

Me. I am doing more than that. I am going to use what you tell me to help convince people that physical death is not the end of life.

W.T.S. To begin then. My life on earth had prepared me for a continuance, but not for the kind of existence that we lead. I had supposed that we should be in direct communion with the Almighty, that we should no longer have interests of our own, but would be absorbed in worship. I think this will eventually come to pass ; but we are a long way from it as yet.

Our life on earth was a stage, the first stage of our evolution. This is the next. We are still imperfect. We have still personal hopes and wishes. We are not ready for a nearer approach to God.

The universe is greater than I had supposed, the orderly progression of events more tremendous, and He whose Will is responsible for all is yet more worthy of my worship.

February 22nd.

W.T.S. I am here.

Me. Did you lose consciousness when you died, or pass straight from this life to the next?

W.T.S. I was unconscious when I crossed from my life on earth to this, and I awakened. At first I perceived dimly, but gradually with more acuteness. I was resting and gathering strength for the life now beginning. You will be surprised when you arrive here. However much you may learn of it beforehand, it will not prepare you, you will be filled with amazement. In leaving the body, we find we have left all the ways, ideas, arrangements to which we have grown accustomed. We are strangers, and at first we feel strange. But it passed. We accept with simplicity our new state of being. One thing we take with us from the old life to the new—the spiritual content of our minds.

What is outworn drops away, what is ethereal we keep. We have trusted in the Love of God. We find our trust abundantly justified.

February 22nd.

W.T.S. I am here. Our lives should be deeply interesting to you, as they represent the future that you may expect. What we are doing you will soon do. You will join us before long and share our ever-widening interests. To know that such exist should cause people to take disappointments and losses more philosophically.

Write what I tell you and give it to the world.

February 23rd.

W.T.S. I am here. Our life here is very much more vigorous than was our life on earth. Our bodies hampered us with many ills, here mind and spirit are free to expand unchecked. It is a great gain, and the sense of freedom is exhilarating. I believe some spirits clothe themselves with a thought-body; but there are others, and I am one of them,

who do not think it is necessary. The body has been left behind, why should I formulate one like that I had discarded. If I were to materialise to you I must assume a form in order to be visible. Otherwise there is no need for me to do so.

February 24th.

W.T.S. I am here. Our world being so different from yours it is difficult to give you a clear idea of it. Many of us continue as far as possible to live a life approximating to that which they have left. They create a mental world of their own, and they are free to do so. There is no interference. They please themselves.

Those who more deeply realise the imperfections of their past existence are anxious to make the most of opportunity.

February 25th.

W.T.S. I am here. You are not taking down what I say.

Me. I haven't got it yet.

W.T.S. The chaos of literature with regard to psychic phenomena is due to several

causes. We find it difficult to communicate clearly because your minds alter in transit what we say. There is fraud, both conscious and unconscious, to be taken into account; also your preconceived notions as to our state. Besides these difficulties there is another. We are not all alike.

As on the earth there are many races, each with its own ideas, so here, where we are more individual than we were, people are in every stage of development. What is true, therefore, of one group or even one person is not true of others. Our life here in comparison with life on earth is infinitely more complex.

Pursue, then, your own line of inquiry, and do not trouble because it yields different results from those of others. The people on earth are only beginning to have inklings of the life here—they see through a glass darkly; but that they have begun to see at all is a great matter.

February 26th.

W.T.S. I am here. On your mind I impress ideas and you translate them into words.

You cannot tell what we are doing here unless you have a vivid imagination ; because it is so different from what you suppose and expect. Gradually you will obtain a vision of this life from what I tell you. Be content with short views for the present. You will obtain larger ones as our acquaintance grows. When I was on earth I communicated with people who had gone on and gave their messages. Now that I am here I seek to transmit the knowledge I have gained. I believed in this life and have now proved that my belief was sound. I am anxious that the good news should be spread abroad.

February 27th.

W.T.S. I am here.

Me. I will do my best to make known what you tell me, but people will not believe it is from you.

W.T.S. Unbelievers you will have always with you. It is due to Fear — fear of their neighbours' opinion and of having to give up old beliefs. People will accept the truth

when they are ready for it. Meanwhile it is rough work breaking time-hardened surfaces, but persevere in faith.

I can only give you a little at a time because the link between us is at present weak.

February 28th.

W.T.S. You can write this :—

The world is changing towards acceptance of new beliefs which yet are old. Your ideas which were vague shall be made concrete and death shall lose his sting.

We are a step nearer truth than we were. The minds through which we on this side can speak are increasing in number. Also in acumen. It is not only the illiterate who can receive messages, but also persons of education. This is bound to influence the consensus of opinion. The creeds, having taught belief in a future life, have prepared the way. The mind of mankind is ground ploughed for sowing. It is ready for the knowledge that life is not a single span of years spent on earth and then judged, but a slow evolution from that tiny span through

long periods of development—if you like call them "lives"—and they end, I believe, in One-ness with God.

March 1st.

W.T.S. You can write this :—

The world is to-day advancing from the condition of slaves to a comparative freedom. A slow advance, but perceptible. Slavish thought, slavish beliefs, are giving place to scientific knowledge. This knowledge is a leaven working in the people, and gives opportunity for the development of a greater morality, a morality of nations and government. Scientific knowledge brings understanding. Matters that bulk largely in the minds of the ignorant are reduced to their actual size and importance. The individual is inestimably precious, for his spark of life would appear to be indestructible. That spark may be an atom of what I term—God.

March 2nd.

W.T.S. The world of yesterday was hidebound, but you are rapidly escaping from this

state of affairs. The mind of man is busy with problems which could only come up for consideration after his fetters had fallen off.

If you take a broad view of this change you will perceive how far-reaching it is. It must eventually influence governments and end wars. Evidence of survival is not what creates belief. In the pioneer mind yes, but not in the masses. Belief in survival is already there. The sharp knowledge which we are slowly communicating gives it shape and fulness, but does not create it. Mankind, enjoying its life on earth, suffering, grieving and eternally disappointed because it aims at a star, at something beyond its reach, knows that this is not all. It is that knowledge that takes it to the churches, which makes it lend its ears to whatever preacher or teacher can satisfy its desire to be assured. It knows, yet it would learn more and would be comforted by authoritative statements.

March 3rd.

W.T.S. Write :—

This is a new heaven and a new earth and the two are one. We once looked

forward to a heaven. We now find ourselves living in heavenly conditions; yet we contrive to feel pretty much as we did on earth. We are able to move like the wind, we bask in light, we are released from the terrors of our previous life, from cold and hunger and pain. To come here is like finding spring at the end of winter.

You cannot imagine the life of the spirit, an ardent and vigorous life, full of interest and occupation, but having no material or industrial side. Competition, Capitalism, Commercialism, have come to an end. We are possessed of new powers, some of which must be apparent to your groping mind, others which it will be difficult for you to grasp.

Take, for instance, our power of going from place to place in a flash. We think of a place and we are there. Intervening space does not exist. We may be roving the universe, as far from you as the farthest star, and your thought comes, and however far from you we may be we are also just outside the door. We push it open in answer.

It is unfortunate that you should not be as much aware of us as we are of you. Our

thoughts may reach you, but you mistake them only too often for your own. On the other hand, there is no doubt as to your thoughts reaching us. Thoughts are more real than tables and chairs, they are, in fact, the chief realities of this world.

March 4th.

W.T.S. Write:—

We are trying to assist with perfected messages. Our means of communication are being developed. Every year shows an advance of knowledge in the understanding of psychic matters. Leaven — that 's what it is — the slow leavening of the great inert lump. So many here are forgetful of, indifferent to, the past. They have done with the things of earth. They are only interested in the present and future. But there are others, like myself, who remember the straits of those on earth; of those whom knowledge that this life lay before them at the end of their disappointments and discouragements would have greatly helped.

The Self—try to imagine a personality

that is without substance; that *is*, yet has no outward semblance; to whom the words size, thickness, shape, weight, appearance do not apply. You cannot do it? You have no conception of a life that functions without a physical medium, yet you have watched the action of mind upon mind, you have even seen the effect of a mind, long gone away, such as any dead poet, on young, growing intelligences.

Your mind is housed in a body, our minds have left that house. Doesn't that help you to realise us?

March 5th.

W.T.S. I am here. Write:—

Capability is shown in the way that messages are taken. Steadiness—I am not joking—is not an everyday quality in psychic matters.

We are going to arrange a new method of communication for you that will be easier. Watch for it.

This was March 5th, and on the 14th Gustave Geley began his experiments with the Misses Shafto.

The awakening of many minds to the possibility of communication will give us a choice of intelligent vessels. We shall presently be able to establish undeniable routes for thought-transmission.

The means of communication with other human beings that you use are duplicated here, but they are at present feebly used and most people remain unaware of them. This will soon be remedied. The establishment of authentic communication will enable us to reveal to the people on earth the details concerning this more highly-evolved stage.

March 8th.

Conscious thought is a bar to psychic messages. You must keep your mind quiet and as far as possible empty.

Convincing messages are rare. This is the day of small things. Let them suffice for the present.

We are living in a state of constant vibration. So are you, but you do not realise it.

Our perception of ourselves and our

surroundings is far keener and deeper than yours. I am hidden from you, but your mind is clear to me.

March 9th.

"Give us this day our daily bread" is a prayer we no longer use. Our sustenance is spiritual, our minds expand in freedom; yet when we arrive here we are still bound by the prejudices, the inhibitions we have acquired during our life on earth. We outgrow them, shed them, and the winds of truth blow them away. The little faith we had when we came here is justified, it has grown like a grain of mustard seed.

Can you realise that what with you is printed, bound, and has the heavy form of a book is here a brilliancy that we here perceive. Its permanence depends on its merit. The beginnings of knowledge are with you, and from that point of view what your minds create is of interest to us, but the creative type of mind finds here a possibility of development withheld hitherto by cramping conditions.

You can imagine, therefore, what a literature we have, what music, what pictorial

art. A literature without books or even words — purely thought, emotion and experience. Music without instrument or players, pictures without canvas. Man invented colour because the colour was already in his mind, and that mental colour is what we use here for art.

Your art takes a physical form, with us the necessity for that has passed.

March 10th.

We look on at European movements as if we were in a theatre, and we can at last understand events and see the forces producing them—not a single man but a movement of masses. The men at the top are swayed by circumstance. They are not better nor worse than others, only more conspicuous. In public affairs all are puppets at the mercy of powers outside themselves, powers and thoughts inherent in humanity. Once this is realised the blame of an individual becomes impossible. Nor can we judge a government, for it is only flotsam on the moving tide.

Our government here is in a measure also the result of like movements. The most

able among us—here recognisable, which is not the case with you—create order and we ourselves preserve it. Their function is to establish means by which the individual can obtain knowledge—mainly of his own possibilities and how to make the most of them. In other words, our government assists growth and development. It is among other things, but this mainly, an educational force, and the individual can be sure of the kind of help his idiosyncracies need.

March 11*th.*

The government here is composed of people of different gifts in order that it may be representative of all. Those spirits will continue to have the distinguishing and complementary qualities of men and women. Although we no longer produce individuals, the material of life which comes to us from the various inhabited planets is often in an early state of development and requires a different kind of care, given by man and woman, for its healthy growth.

When I say the government here I do not intend you to understand the supreme government of this immense world. It is

difficult for you to grasp its immensity. Life takes many forms. It is produced in great abundance. Can you imagine it passing through its first stage on the planets of innumerable solar systems and then being poured into this non-physical world in incalculable numbers? So great a multitude for ever pouring like an ocean into our community requires a tremendous organisation to deal with it, and the organisation exists, though whether as a law of the universe or the working units of a government I am not fully assured.

March 12th.

Take my message:—

What do you suppose the world here to be like—the earth with its seas and landscapes, its busy hives of men? Can you imagine a life which does not creep about, bound to slow movement by its physical body? A life that is worthy of the sons of God? We have escaped from that stage of crawling and sleeping and eating.

You think we must be lost in space, and we certainly have room to move; but we are

not lonely units, for thought reaches us, draws us, gives us companionship.

This is the world of thought, and I see reason to believe in a further stage—a life in which thought is less important than it is here.

I see no evidence that we pass through death to reach it. It may be that as we develop we grow away from this life and insensibly become part of the next.

March 13th.

Write :—

The object of individual life is to fulfil certain functions—nutrition and reproduction. But the mind which deals with these physical claims has also the beginnings of psychic function. Men can go from the cradle to the grave without developing these beginnings ; nor are they therefore atrophied, because it is by them that men must live in the life towards which they go. They may not know of the existence of these qualities, they may deny their existence, they may prove to their own satisfaction that they do not exist, but the mass of humanity bears

witness to them. You cannot ignore a deeply-seated and almost universal belief.

Very small is that part of the individual devoted to nutrition and reproduction. It only appears to be of the first importance because the body makes so big a claim. It is an appearance which does not stand the test of time. The mind directing these conscious activities is rich, to a degree undreamed of on earth, of mental and spiritual possibilities. Once released from the pains of the body, the little area of consciousness which dealt with them falls into its proper place with regard to the rest of the mind.

The individual is at first almost bewildered by the good fortune of his escape from harassing cares, little worries, the grit of the road where he walked and stumbled, he is borne on the wings of thought in a youth that is renewed, a vigour and freshness that cannot be tarnished or impaired.

March 14th.

Make your mind receptive.

Our state is not a state in your sense of the word. It 's not a nation cut off from other

nations, it is part of a whole. Though we came from all the stars on which physical life is nurtured, we are one people—the Children of God. Differently though we have lived, we have some main ideas in common and we have all suffered from the necessities and ills of physical life. Thought is beyond language, and therefore all beings here can understand each other.

We recognise two points only of time. Yesterday, which was our life on earth, and to-day. This to-day may not last for ever, but while we have it it wears an air of permanency.

Days and nights, seasons and years, have disappeared, and though we may sometimes look back yearningly to the misty evenings of autumn, the leafage of long spring days, the fine joys of physical movement, of walking, riding and swimming, such things are to our present happiness as the games of a child when a man has come to his strength.

Our life here, being free from anxiety, is infinitely more agreeable than that which we led on earth. The terrific passions that swept our souls were very largely physical. Here

life is more equable, even as it is in a sense more leisurely. Competition and industrialism having ceased, the individual is at liberty to develop himself. He feels the need to do this. He is aware of his possibilities. They are there, but asleep, and it is for him to arouse them. All around him are men and women delightedly engaged in the same work. Nor is the development of the self egotistic in any bad sense. Some urge which has been implanted in the creature by Him who is responsible for all causes us to work joyously and continuously at self-development. I perceive it in our various occupations and amusements, in fact in everything that we do.

On March 14th I again sat with the Misses Shafto. We hoped Mr. Stead would come to the table, and he must have received our triune thought, for it soon tilted under his strong, decided touch.

W.T.S. Have brought friend to see you.

We were delighted to hear it.

Me. Who ?

W.T.S. Gustave Geley.

I regret to say we none of us had ever heard of Gustave Geley. We eagerly questioned Mr. Stead, who said, "You will read about him in *Light*."

Large bundles of old copies of that paper were in the loft. We hunted through them until we found an article by Sir Oliver Lodge on the French doctor who was killed when flying from Warsaw to Paris a year or two back.

Then the new-comer took the table with "Gustave Geley. You will find my portrait in papers in your bungalow." Another hunt, and we presently discovered a portrait of a small, middle-aged man sitting at a writing-table. This was in the *Journal of the Psychical Research Society*. Elizabeth Shafto asked whether she could be any help to him. He said he wished to make some experiments with the brain, and he thought she might be used for inspired speaking, which he said would be a new method of communication. As far as I could understand I think he meant that he found the mind an uncertain channel

for the transmission of messages, and wished to see if he could not use the brain independently of it. At any rate, he then began a series of experiments which are still going on. I was present at the first few, but had then to return to London, where Mr. Stead continued to give me inspirational messages.

March 15th.

Write :—

Our lives are a manifold expression of the beneficence of God. We are drawn out of our humble beginnings as the flowers are drawn out of the earth; and even as the sum of human happiness is infinitely greater than the sum of human misery, so our happiness on this plane is infinitely greater than what any man feels while he is still in the flesh. Life has developed an increasing power to appreciate and enjoy. On earth joy cast the shadow of suffering, here light—that is, joy—casts no shadow. We are austerely glad of even the developing past, for it was the path to this serener state of being.

The individual, looking back, perceives the meaning and importance of Faith. By it he acknowledges the existence of something greater than himself, he lives resting his spirit on that Greatness, dies trusting to it.

He was not sufficiently intelligent to comprehend that in which he trusted—he made God in his own image—and won slowly through ages of groping and fumbling, towards purer and higher concepts. What was fundamentally of importance was that he never ceased to push on, to seek and through irrational beliefs to feel for something more spiritual. Behind his stumbling progress lay the urge of faith. It is that which, apparently forcing him into morasses, has pulled him through them on to higher and firmer ground. He has appeared to be walking blindly, but has had within himself that puissant guide. It is faith—a law of light—which is the cause of development. Apparent to our conscious minds, it has been at work since the beginning, at work in the dark of the unconscious, at work everywhere and in all things.

March 16th.

Many people have psychic gift enough for them to get into touch with those whom they have lost. They have only to let their thoughts reach out, and those whom they seek will come in answer. That is the communion of saints, and the saints are not all on our side of the river. It is only natural we should seek communion with those we have left behind. How can it be otherwise ?

Does anyone imagine that when we pass over ties are snapped and affection dies? It is true we form new ties, but the old are as strong as ever, in fact I would say that being freed from the troubling of the flesh they are stronger. Try to think out what are the results of freedom from desire. Sensation has gone, but in its place we have intensified emotion. Jealousy and the desire of possession have disappeared, disappeared with the physical aspect of life, and it is no longer the woman who attracts us, but the individual.

I have noticed that opposites still possess an attraction for each other, and have

wondered whether this is a survival of earthly inclination or whether there is some deeply-seated reason for it. It may be that the mind by meeting an opposite gets a finer reaction, or that each can supply what is lacking in the other. At any rate, the affection of opposites, which on earth was supposed to be due to people being male and female, is also to be seen here.

March 17th.

These messages are different from those I give to my daughter. I shall not repeat myself, so have confidence.

I am going to tell you about the fulfilment of human hope in this, our world. The spirit that was our guide through life was an unacknowledged hope that something better awaited us at the end of it. We did not allow that we knew, but this God-given hope was knowledge and influenced our actions. The earth laughs at the old ideas of heaven, the crudities of white robes and wings and harps, but these crudities were the rough material of reality — the white mists that hang between their life and this, the

movement, swifter than that wings could have given, the harmony greater than musical sound.

They were not after all so far out, and what is true of Christianity is true also of the dreaming of other creeds. Humanity looked forward with faith to the betterment of its condition in a world beyond the grave, the hope that was an unacknowledged conviction flowered in all their millions of minds. And who implanted it? Who gave it for man's comfort in dire sorrow, in loss, in failure, in disappointment? Before him lay the fulfilment of his secret dream. We might imagine he doubted it, but the doubts were evanescent, the dream remained.

March 19th.

Distance need not make as much difference to you as it does. Although you cannot transport your body rapidly through space, you—the personality which inhabits that body—can move freely. You leave the body when asleep. You can leave it when awake. People do it unconsciously also, they often

do it in a poor, haphazard fashion—half-heartedly. Not believing they have the power, they use it uncertainly. But if you decide to be in a certain place and set your mind—*i.e.* concentrate—on being there, you will find that you are there. The body hampers the spirit, but not to the extent of holding it in any place against its will. Certainly you have to return to it. Be thankful that a day will come when you will not have to return, when you will be for ever freed from it.

March 23rd.

W.T.S. You must not try too hard. Let the words come through quietly. Do as we direct, and you will be satisfied with the results.

Sound waves do not affect our vibrations, nor do they affect your emanations, therefore music is of no particular use when making psychic experiments. On the other hand, music often has a soothing effect on the mind, helps to keep people placid and in a state suitable for us to use them.

Test with your common sense the messages

received. Our point of view is broader than yours can possibly be. Erase a doubtful message even though it may appear to contain a grain of truth. The truth will be given again in a more comprehensible form. It will be given not once but many times, given until it is received and becomes part of the sum of human knowledge.

Do not be troubled, therefore, with the fear lest you should have discarded something of value, for nothing that is of value can be lost.

March 26th.

W.T.S. I am here.

We are going to teach people to communicate with us by direct speaking through the human brain and lips. Miss Shafto is kindly lending herself to our experiments. When you get stronger you will, too. Meanwhile I will continue to impress your mind with my thoughts.

Write :—

The importance of conscious knowledge has been over-rated. We are products of an

unconscious force which urges us along the appointed track. We question, and we were meant to question, or we should not do it, but the answer is withheld. Therefore we walk in faith. The hand that has brought us so far will not leave us to our bewilderment.

March 28th.

It is not the letter of the word that is of importance, it is the spirit. If we could diminish by one iota the sum of human suffering it is worth our while to take these pains to make known the fact of a happier life to come. Each witness to truth will find some soul in travail. His assurances will remove the bitterness from her griefs, give her back the hope she has temporarily lost.

Throughout the ages man, without knowledge, has yet said, "I believe," and here is a message from one who is experiencing the new life, who speaks of what he knows. All those who are laden and heavy-laden may look forward with certainty to a time when they shall be freed from their

troubles. Those who have lost dear ones will meet them again. There is no sickness here, no want, no pain. It is indeed a better life.

I am trying to make this known, but communication is difficult because the ablest minds on your minds refuse to experiment. This matter should receive careful study. It should be investigated by scientific minds, whereas it is left to the credulous, the sentimental and those whose opinions are inherited.

We are willing to meet investigators half-way. It is a case of tunnelling through darkness from opposite sides. The educated must undertake this work, and I have faith they will. Already a new spirit is abroad, one which we are able to recognise, a breaking from received ideas, a willingness to hear others speak, and not to pooh-pooh but to consider.

Mr. Courtenay Arundel told me about that time that he was acquainted with a Mr. Dodson, who had known Mr. Stead very well. He sent him the script, and Mr. Dodson in reply said

he had read and re-read it, and that he was convinced the messages were from Mr. Stead.

March 29th.

Me. I hear that messages are given as from you when you are not actually impressing them on the receiving mind.

W.T.S. We do give messages through other minds that purport to come from special individuals who are not speaking.

Me. It does not seem to me honest.

W.T.S. We tell them this is a message from So-and-so. We do not say this is So-and-so speaking.

Me. You said these messages were from you, yourself ?

W.T.S. They are from me, myself.

Me. I should like to feel convinced.

W.T.S. I assure you I came accidentally to that first sitting at Birchington, and have since impressed your mind with the messages I watch you noting down. I cannot put it more definitely.

April 3rd.

These messages are thoughts impressed on your mind by W. T. Stead himself.

Dodson knows me very well. He would be able to recognise my way of thinking and my attitude towards life.

My philosophy has been justified by what I have found here. I would, however, maintain that no man still living the earth-life can imagine with any degree of exactitude the circumstances of the life here. He cannot guess at the powers we possess, even though those powers spring from those he already has.

Me. I greatly wish you would tell me of those powers.

W.T.S. With us perception of objects is not limited to their exterior. We see through.

For instance, I see you; I also see through you and into the substance of the earth. If I knew the names of the different strata I could tell you them. Also I can see through the globe. It is no thicker to me than falling rain.

In the same way I perceive a thought.

I see through it to the elements from which it sprang. I see not only where it began in the mind which formulated it, but I can see back along the chain of minds to the ultimate germ. I can then turn and observe its influence, its development, mark its growth in different minds. My perception pierces to what has been, has a full understanding of what is and can launch out into the future. A thousand years are truly as one day when you can look back and can look forward. Each of our trains of thought is enough to occupy a whole earth-life—and we have many trains of thought.

I have now given you a glimpse of the richness of existence here.

April 5th.

W.T.S. You are not able to get my exact words. I impress thoughts on your mind.

Dr. Geley's experiments are of value to students of progressed psychology, for he is laying foundations on which they will build.

Your friends have a great trust reposed

in them. We on this side are very much interested in what he is doing, and feel that on your side it should be given all possible publicity.

April 6th.

It is perhaps impossible for your mind to grasp perception such as ours, it reaches so far, it goes so deep, it is so all-embracing and pervading.

The scrolls of the earth's history are unrolled for us to read, that we may observe its gradual evolution from long before life appeared, that evolution which yet brought life, which ascended from the first chemical combination to vegetable life, from that to animal, from that to consciousness, from consciousness inherent in matter to this more rarefied existence.

Me. Can you perceive what is to come?

W.T.S. Can I look into the future? I can perceive a life of the spirit rather than of the mind, even as this is of the mind rather than of the body. It is more difficult to look forward than to look back, for I have

evolved from the former, and the latter is what has not yet been evolved, and which is, therefore, perhaps impossible for me in my present stage to comprehand.

Me. Are your present powers shared by all ?

W.T.S. All have possibilities, but the possibilities must be developed before they can be used. The development of them gives us occupation. I do not imagine that all have these possibilities in the same degree.

Me. It is difficult to understand why some should be more gifted than others.

W.T.S. The most gifted among mortals are not the happiest. I do not understand why people are different, why the manifestations of life are diverse, or how it comes about. It might have been supposed that the action of law would have produced uniformity. Perhaps my scale is not large enough for me to see the uniformity, or I am too near the units.

At least, I know, that whereas on earth a

being could come damaged into existence, no man can be born into this life with a disability. He comes here in full possession of his faculties, mental and spiritual, and has equal opportunity with others of developing them. It rests with him to take advantage of these opportunities, and all men are not alike in their interests and desires. Here, as well as with you, it takes all sorts to make a world.

April 7th.

Dodson will talk to you about me. We are in this position. I can see you and your circumstances, whereas to you I am not only invisible but unknown. By speaking to you of me he will strengthen the link between us, and that will make it easier for you to receive the thoughts that I wish to impress on your mind. Give him warm remembrances from me.

It is my opinion that we—the sparks of life—will eventually be absorbed into God, that we are particles transfused with life that has emanated from Him.

It is possible He is also evolving, that the universe is evolving.

I speak tentatively, for in these matters I can only give you what seems to me probable. Our earthly body was composed of tiny cells, each with a life of its own. The millions of evolving spirits, each with his personal life, may be equivalent to those cells, may be built up together to contain the Spirit of God.

This life, although an advance on that of earth, appears to me capable of further expansion, of spiritual growth and change. We have learnt much, but only a little compared with what there is to learn, and I can perceive stages where learning will give place to something more spiritual.

Only lately freed from the disabilities of the flesh, we are overwhelmed with the wonders of this life. This is good, very good, but already I am looking forward to an existence which will be more spiritual.

To you, however, this life is the Land of Promise, and you would like me to tell you of its "milk and honey."

April 8th.

The air is thick. There is a thickness between us this morning. It is interesting

to mark the solar systems in different stages of evolution, to note the varieties of life produced in different planets. Mankind thrives in a humid atmosphere. Another species of life thrives in differently constituted stars. One gaseous combination gives us air, another gives a different sort of being what he requires. The multiplicity of different conditions results in a multiplicity of different organisms, each of which has received its spark of life.

Life functions in every way conceivable to you and in innumerable others beyond your imagination.

Try to imagine the difference between going on an expedition here to doing it on earth. There weather, clement or inclement, was the first consideration. We needed suitable clothes, a vehicle to transport our cumbersome bodies from one place to another. Food was required at intervals, and we slept at night.

Here we decide where we wish to go and we are where we would be. Clothes, food, rest, transport and weather do not concern us, and we are able to give our full attention to what is of interest.

A little before I spoke to you I was at a ruined town in North Africa. I looked backward from the ruin through the phases of its existence—a decaying town, a populous town, a village, big wells and trees, a resting-place for the nomad. One or two settled families. The first who brought there his wife and children. I saw back to the far-off day before man came, then before the great beasts came, when crawling water covered the soft ground and the air was a thick mist, and farther still into the dimness of cooling fires wherein was no life.

To distinguish what is from what was needs care. As we pursue a line of knowledge what has been is as real as what is. Each stage is present to us—preserved in time—and as we observe it we must pause to consider before we can say whether it has been or is to be.

April 9th.

It is difficult to impress our thoughts on mankind, because your minds are like water that is clouded with sediment. We need a clear, serene medium.

Concentrate your mind on what I give and revise it with care.

I am going to tell you about the sea of matter in which we exist. As fish in the ocean, so we live in an ocean of material particles. It cannot be otherwise so long as we are part of this universe, for this universe—I believe there are others—is material.

It affects us in some ways. Light, for instance. We bathe in light. Though not material ourselves, we are, in a sense, light, a form of light. We can, therefore, give it off, use it, make with it appearances, visible whitely in the day and more brightly when the earth is turned from the sun.

But of all things we do not wish to alarm people, and people are very easily frightened.

People believe that life continues, that those they love are still alive, yet it is only the few who can bear without terror to see their loved and lost. No doubt these fears will grow less as the facts about survival become generally known. We are among you and we perceive you as shadows, but of us you have no knowledge. We are invisible

to you, more than invisible, for, as far as you are concerned, the place where we are is void.

Neither time nor space exists for us. This is difficult for you to grasp? We do not occupy space. We have no size or shape, no breadth or thickness, no weight and no material substance. Yet we ARE. We have being, and being does not need time or space in which to function.

April 10th.

"Preserved in Time" does not mean fossilised. When we look back, what was happening at any given period happens. The page is opened and the events are actual—not like the dull print of a book. The people live and move and have their being—the merchant in his office, the errand boy running through the streets, the housewife shopping at her door. The picture moves and is a thing in itself.

In the same way we can look forward, and again it is an actual period that we see. I could tell you what is to be—in Europe, in America; but your mind is full of things as they are, and you could not receive it. What

is prophecy but someone on this side who has looked forward pouring his knowledge through a muddy medium into your world. A few choice spirits get, now and again, some enlightening phrases, but it is difficult to pass anything through that is satisfactorily accurate. If Geley's experiments succeed, better, more accurate, and more convincing communications will follow. We shall be able to give the evidence for which people ask, although even then the sceptic will find a reason for refusing it—"though one rose from the dead ye would not believe."

The world will obtain evidence, but I have told you before that evidence does not create faith. Faith is an integral part of the human spirit.

In spite of disappointments and discouragements, man has faith in God. He does not feel that God is responsible for his troubles, but that trouble is part of his earth life, and from it he turns to seek refuge in God. He worships, and is helped and comforted thereby. The muddled idea of God which is all he has is yet the invisible source of his endurance and his strength.

The day after this message was given me I felt a desire to speak to my husband. I had not heard from him for some time, as I find it tiring to take more than one message a day, and I naturally wanted the pleasant reassurance of his affectionate presence. When things have gone a little awry it is wonderful how comforting it is to know that there is someone whose affection is always ready to respond to your cry.

April 12th.

S. Sappho,* dear, I am delighted to come. I have missed our talks.

Me. I was afraid to call you lest I should be too tired to take Mr. Stead's messages.

S. You were right, yet I often came and tried to gain your attention. When I failed I could not help feeling disappointed.

Me. These talks are like receiving letters from you.

* A nickname given me because my first book was an epic dealing with the legends which have gathered about the Greek poetess.

S. To you they are, but not to me. You perceive me dimly and distantly, but I am quite near to you and perceive you clearly.

April 13th.

W.T.S. You do not realise that to us the earth is now a little place. It was the nursery of our spirits, the place of beginnings, of tea-cup storms, of copy-book morality, of childish ideas and traditions. If it were not for those we have left behind, for the tender memories of other days, we should not concern ourselves with it.

It is difficult for us to think its affairs of importance.

When we step into this world—painfully shedding the flesh—I do not know that we are fully grown, but we are stronger and have an energy such as no earth-man feels. I said we *have*, I should have said we *are* an energy, for it appears to be us. When we arrive we find ourselves in possession of it. We do not lose it. We are ageless and tireless. You cannot imagine anyone pursuing a train of thought to the beginning and to the end, through what, to you, would be years. But

I do this. I take no sleep, I only pause when my attention is called to some matter of importance. I work steadily at the various lines into which the thought branches, and I am as happy doing this as a squirrel is when it is gnawing at and cracking a nut.

One of the differences between the earth-life and this is that we do not require bodily nourishment, yet do require mental food. There is in us an instinct which obliges us to find that food. If it were not easily obtainable there might be strife among us and the old evil of competition. Fortunately, there is no difficulty.

My long train of thought keeps me interested, because I know that when I have cracked that particular nut the kernel will become part of me and my mental appetite will be satisfied.

Me. And the artist, the person who creates ?

W.T.S. Their mental food is obtained in the same way. They have a keener, finer energy than the rest of the world, and they use it to produce art.

Art, you must remember, is not only loveliness, it is an expression of the whole of life. I am stirred by the thing itself rather than by the art expression of it; by what goes to make a fire rather than by the flame.

April 14th.

W.T.S. In time we may be able to impart knowledge by making use of an occasional human brain. At present the imparting of facts is very difficult for us. It is comparatively easy to impress an idea on your minds. At any rate, you get part of it. While it is generally a little distorted you have some inkling of what we are trying to say. Your limited experience is, however, perpetually limiting what you are able to receive. The immense advance of thought and power here is beyond your conception. A child's hand cannot grasp the trunk of a tree, its stretch is too small. So with the earth mind. You stretch to take in the ideas that we give, and you interpret them by the narrow experience of your lives.

Moreover, very few are willing to put aside their preconceived ideas and accept what

we say. If an idea from the other side conflicts with any earthly superstition it becomes unacceptable. It is not given a hearing.

We are anxious to find minds that will pass on or set down whatever we may give.

Experiments such as Gustave Geley is conducting may provide us with channels through which we can pour knowledge. You seek knowledge, you do not seek wisdom; and knowledge we have in abundance.

Once we are able to impart it a change in the conditions of earth-life is inevitable. Knowledge does not disappear and die; it is "preserved in time," and we have only to turn back the leaves of that tremendous book. (Your words—for my thought is wordless and you interpret it.)

April 15th.

W.T.S. The energy of man is due to the life-force. We do not know what this is, but we perceive how it works. Sex is the chief expression of it, but sex is not fundamental. Life existed before sex. The

urge of the life-force resulted in sex. That life-force is what gives us, here, our greater energy, and manifests itself in the desire of knowledge, in thought concerning that knowledge, in a steady development of the individual. He must develop on his emotional and affectional sides as well as his intellectual. The love of man in this world is greater than it was on earth. It is no longer concerned with the making of more life. It does not seek to possess or bind, it is communion of spirit, the essence of what was love on earth. Here as well as there the man is different from the woman. Her quality is more deeply emotional, his is more intellectual. The perfected being should have all sides equally developed, but for God's good purpose we of this universe are men and women. Moreover, however different from each other may be the beings who inhabit the many planets of the many solar systems, they are alike in this that they are dual, and you can still, therefore, term one male and the other female. These are the two principles of material life. In another universe these principles may be unified, but I only know of this.

April 16*th.*

I had the pleasure of announcing to W.T.S. that his message was to be given to the world, and this is his reply :—

I am very glad you have succeeded in placing the book. I want it to reach as many people as possible. I am giving you these messages not for yourself, but for all who will listen. I am giving them through you because you are a willing instrument.

I want the prospect of a future life that is happy, that is full of agreeable occupation, a life in which the crooked are straightened—crooked minds as well as crooked bodies—in which there is love and fellowship and in which man develops towards a finer understanding of God—known to all mankind.

I cannot hope to reach all, but let each who on reading my message finds it in accordance with his natural hope pass on the word.

W. T. STEAD.

(The name appeared in writing as if it were a signature.)